This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MEMOIR OF THE REV. R. M. McCHEYNE WITH SELECT REMAINS

60002245 4N

MEMOIR AND REMAINS

OF THE

REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE,

MINISTER OF ST PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.

ABRIDGED FROM THE LARGER WORK.

O grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear,
And spend my life, my all, to tell,
How full His mercies are.

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM OLIPHANT AND CO.
LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.

MDCCCLXV.

210. a. 57.

Edinburgh:
Printed by John Greig & Son.

PREFACE.

AS the title bears, this little work is an abridgment of the well-known Memoir and Remains of the Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne, by the Rev. A. A. Bonar, which has deservedly become a household book in Scotland.

The success of that work has suggested to some Christian friends the desirableness of introducing it in this cheaper form to the many thousands of our population in town and country, who, by the price of the larger work, are practically excluded from its possession.

Instead of interfering with the sale of the larger work, it is hoped that the present will rather serve to bring it under the notice of some, who, induced by the sample here afforded, will endeavour to obtain it, which all who have it in their power are urged to do.

The work is strictly an abridgment, with the exception of two letters of Mr M'Cheyne to his mother and sister, which are inserted with the view of supplying a somewhat connected account of his journeyings when abroad on his mission to Palestine and the Jews. These are taken from a volume of his "Familiar Letters," edited by his Father.

The Songs of Zion, instead of being, as in the larger work, collected at the end, are, most of them, interspersed through the volume, at the close of the chapters. One of the most

beautiful of these is the following, which Mr M'Cheyne wrote at the foot of Mount Carmel:—

Beneath Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs,
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave,
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name,
It means "*One sent from God;*"
And thus the holy Saviour's fame
It gently spreads abroad.

O grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear,
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full His mercies are.

We may say of him as was said of Jabez (1 Chron. iv. 10), "And God granted him that which he requested," for as a "sweet well" is his name and memory, in many a Scottish home. The Lord make this little book as a conduit to carry its rills to many more!

J. C.

YETHOLM, *April* 1865.

CONTENTS.

MEMOIR.

CHAP. I. HIS YOUTH, AND PREPARATION FOR THE MINISTRY, . 1
II. FIRST YEARS OF LABOUR—LARBERT AND DUNDEE, . 11
III. HIS MISSION TO PALESTINE AND THE JEWS, . . 32
IV. DAYS OF REVIVAL, AND LATTER DAYS OF HIS MINISTRY, 61

LETTERS.

TO A SOUL WHOM HE HAD NEVER SEEN, BUT WHOSE CASE WAS LAID BEFORE HIM BY A FRIEND, ... 76
TO A SOUL SEEKING JESUS, ... 78
TO THE SAME, ... 79
TO THE SAME, ... 81
TO J. T., ... 82
TO M. B., ... 84
TO ONE COMPLAINING OF THE PLAGUES OF THE HEART, . . 84

SERMONS, &c.

SERMON I. 88
SERMON II. 94
SERMON III. 103
SERMON IV. 109
SERMON V. 116
THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD, ... 125

beautiful of t
at the foot of

We may
"And Go
"sweet w
home. T
its rills to

MEMOIR

CHAPTER I.

HIS YOUTH, AND PREPARATION FOR THE MINISTRY.

ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE was born at Edinburgh, May 21. 1813. From his infancy his sweet and affectionate temper was remarked by all who knew him. His mind was quick in its attainments; he was easily taught the common lessons of youth, and some of his peculiar endowments began early to appear. At the age of four, while recovering from some illness, he selected as his recreation the study of the Greek alphabet, and was able to name all the letters, and write them in a rude way upon a slate. A year after, he made rapid progress in the English class, and at an early period became somewhat eminent among his school-fellows for his melodious voice and powers of recitation.

In October 1821, he entered the High School, where he continued his literary studies during the usual period of six years. He maintained a high place in his classes; and, in the Rector's class, distinguished himself by eminence in geography and recitation. His companions speak of him as one who had even then peculiarities that drew attention:—of a light, tall form—full of elasticity and vigour—ambitious, yet noble in his dispositions, disdaining everything like meanness or deceit. Some would have been apt to regard him as exhibiting many traits of a Christian character; but his susceptible mind had not, at that time, a relish for any higher joy than the refined gaieties of society, and for such pleasures as the song and the dance could yield. He himself regarded these as days of ungodliness—days wherein he cherished a pure morality, but lived in heart a Pharisee. I have heard him say that there was a correctness and propriety in his demeanour

times of devotion, and in public worship, which some, who knew not his heart, were ready to put to the account of real feeling.

Entering the Edinburgh University in November 1827, he gained some prize in all the various classes he attended. In private he studied the modern languages; and gymnastic exercises at that time gave him unbounded delight. He used his pencil with much success, and then it was that his hand was prepared for sketching the scenes of the Holy Land. He had a very considerable knowledge of music, and himself sang correctly and beautifully. This, too, was a gift which was used to the glory of the Lord in after days—wonderfully enlivening his secret devotions, and enabling him to lead the song of praise in the congregation wherever occasion required. Poetry also was a never-failing recreation; and his taste in this department drew the attention of Professor Wilson, who adjudged him the prize in the Moral Philosophy class for a poem, "On the Covenanters."

In the winter of 1831, he commenced his studies in the Divinity Hall, under Dr Chalmers; and the study of Church History under Dr Welsh. It may be naturally asked, What led him to wish to preach salvation to his fellow-sinners? Could he say, like Robert Bruce, "*I was first called to my grace, before I obeyed my calling to the ministry?*" Few questions are more interesting than this; and our answer to it will open up some of the wonderful ways of Him "whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known," Psalm lxxvii. 19; for the same event that awakened his soul to a true sense of sin and misery, led him to the ministry.

During his attendance at the literary and philosophical classes, he felt occasional impressions, none of them perhaps of much depth. There can be no doubt that he himself looked upon the death of his eldest brother, David, as the event which awoke him from the sleep of nature, and brought in the first beam of Divine light into his soul. By that providence the Lord was calling one soul to enjoy the treasures of grace, while he took the other into the possession of glory.

He was in his eighteenth year when his brother died. From that day forward his friends observed a change. His poetry was pervaded with serious thought, and all his pursuits began to be followed out in another spirit. He engaged in the labours of a Sabbath school, and began to seek God to his soul, in the diligent reading of the Word, and attendance on a faithful ministry.

How important this period of his life appeared in his own view, may be gathered from his allusions to it in later days. A year after, he writes in his diary: "On this morning last year came the first overwhelming blow to my worldliness; how blessed to me, Thou, O God, only knowest, who hast made it so." Every year he marked this day as one to be remembered, and occasionally its recollections seem to have come in like a flood. In a letter to a friend (8th July 1842), he says—"Pray for me that I may be made holier and wiser—less like myself, and more like my heavenly Master; that I may not regard my life, if so be I may finish my course with joy. This day eleven years ago I lost my loved and loving brother, and began to seek a Brother who cannot die."

It was to companions who could sympathize in his feelings that he unbosomed himself. On one occasion, a few of us who had studied together were reviewing the Lord's dealings with our souls, and how He had brought us to Himself, all very nearly at the same time, though without any special instrumentality. He stated that there was nothing sudden in his case, and that he was led to Christ through deep and ever-abiding, but not awful or distracting convictions. In this we see the Lord's sovereignty. In bringing a soul to the Saviour, the Holy Spirit invariably leads it to very deep consciousness of sin; but then He causes this consciousness of sin to be more distressing and intolerable to some than to others. But in one point does the experience of all believing sinners agree in this matter—viz., their soul presented to their view nothing but an abyss of sin, when the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, appeared.

The Holy Spirit carried on His work by continuing to deepen in him the conviction of his ungodliness, and the pollution of his whole nature. And all his life long, he viewed his *original sin*, not as an excuse for his actual sins, but as an aggravation of them all. In this view he was of the mind of David, taught by the unerring Spirit of Truth, Psalm li. 4, 5.

At first light dawned slowly; so slowly that, for a considerable time, he still relished an occasional plunge into scenes of gaiety. Even after entering the Divinity Hall, he could be persuaded to indulge in lighter pursuits, at least during the two first years of his attendance; but it was with growing alarm. When hurried away by such worldly joys, I find him writing thus:—"*Sept.* 14. —May there be few such records as this in my biography."

Then, "*Dec.* 9.—A thorn in my side,—much torment." As the unholiness of his pleasure became more apparent, he writes:—"*March* 10. 1832.—I hope never to play cards again." "*March* 25.—Never visit on a Sunday evening again." "*April* 10.—Absented myself from the dance; upbraidings ill to bear. But I must try to bear the cross." It seems to be in reference to the receding tide, which thus for a season repeatedly drew him back to the world, that on July 8. 1836, he records—"This morning five years ago, my dear brother David died, and my heart for the first time knew true bereavement. Truly it was all well. Let me be dumb, for Thou didst it: and it was good for me that I was afflicted. I know not that any providence was ever more abused by man than that was by me: and yet, Lord, what mountains Thou comest over! none was ever more blessed to me." To us who can look at the results, it appears probable that the Lord permitted him thus to try many broken cisterns, and to taste the wormwood of many earthly streams, in order that in after days, by the side of the fountain of living waters, he might point to the world he had for ever left, and testify the surpassing preciousness of what he had now found.

He thought himself much profited, at this period, by investigating the subject of Election and the Free Grace of God. But it was the reading of *The Sum of Saving Knowledge*, generally appended to our Confession of Faith, that brought him to a clear understanding of the way of acceptance with God. Those who are acquainted with its admirable statements of truth, will see how well fitted it was to direct an inquiring soul. I find him some years afterwards recording:—"*March* 11. 1834.—Read in the *Sum of Saving Knowledge*, the work which I think first of all wrought a saving change in me. How gladly would I renew the reading of it, if that change might be carried on to perfection!" It will be observed that he never reckoned his soul saved, notwithstanding all his convictions and views of sin, until he really went into the Holiest of all on the warrant of the Redeemer's work; for assuredly a sinner is still under wrath until he has actually availed himself of the way to the Father opened up by Jesus. All his knowledge of his sinfulness, and all his sad feeling of his own need and danger, cannot place him one step farther off from the lake of fire. It is "he that comes to Christ" that is saved.

Before this period, he had received a bias towards the ministry

from his brother David, who used to speak of the ministry as the most blessed work on earth, and often expressed the greatest delight in the hope that his younger brother might one day become a minister of Christ. And now, with altered views—with an eye that could gaze on heaven and hell, and a heart that felt the love of a reconciled God—he sought to become a herald of salvation.

From that period, and ever onward, his dry register of every-day incidents is varied with such passages as the following:—

"*Nov.* 12.—Reading H. Martyn's Memoirs. Would I could imitate him, giving up father, mother, country, house, health, life, all—for Christ. And yet, what hinders? Lord, purify me, and give me strength to dedicate myself, my all, to Thee!"

"*Dec.* 4.—Reading Legh Richmond's Life. 'Pœnitentia profunda, non sine lacrymis. Nunquam me ipsum, tam vilem, tam inutilem, tam pauperim, et præcipue tam ingratum, adhuc vidi. Sint lacrymæ dedicationis meæ pignora!'" ["Deep penitence, not unmixed with tears. I never before saw myself so vile, so useless, so poor, and, above all, so ungrateful. May these tears be the pledges of my self-dedication."] There is frequently at this period a sentence in Latin occurring like the above in the midst of other matter, apparently with the view of giving freer expression to his feelings regarding himself.

"*Dec.* 9.—Heard a street-preacher: foreign voice. Seems really in earnest. He quoted the striking passage, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come, *and let him that heareth say, Come.*' From this he seems to derive his authority. Let me learn from this man to be in earnest for the truth, and to despise the scoffing of the world."

Dec. 18.—After spending an evening too lightly, he writes,—"My heart must break off from all these things. What right have I to steal and abuse my Master's time? 'Redeem it,' He is crying to me."

"*Dec.* 25.—My mind not yet calmly fixed on the Rock of Ages."

"*Jan.* 12. 1832.—Cor non pacem habet. Quare? Peccatum apud fores manet." ["My heart has not peace. Why? Sin lieth at my door."]

"*Jan.* 25.—A lovely day. Eighty-four cases of cholera at Musselburgh. How it creeps nearer and nearer, like a snake. Who will be the first victim here? Let Thine everlasting arms be around us, and we shall be safe."

"*Jan.* 29. Sabbath.—Afternoon heard Mr Bruce (then minister of the New North Church, Edinburgh), on Malachi i. 1-6. It constitutes the very gravamen of the charge against the unrenewed man, that he has affection for his earthly parent, and reverence for his earthly master; but none for God! Most noble discourse."

"*Feb.* 2.—Not a trait worth remembering! And yet these four-and-twenty hours must be accounted for."

At this time, hearing, concerning a friend of the family, that she had said, "*she was determined to keep by the world*," he penned the following lines on her melancholy decision:—

She has chosen the world
And its paltry crowd,—
She has chosen the world,
And an endless shroud!
She has chosen the world,
With its misnamed pleasures,—
She has chosen the world,
Before heaven's own treasures.

She hath launched her boat
On life's giddy sea,
And her all is afloat
For eternity.
But Bethlehem's star
Is not in her view;
And her aim is far
From the harbour true.

When the storm descends
From an angry sky,
Ah! where from the winds
Shall the vessel fly?
When stars are concealed,
And rudder gone,
And heaven is sealed
To the wandering one!

The whirlpool opes
For the gallant prize;
And, with all her hopes,
To the deep she hies!
But who may tell
Of the place of woe,
Where the wicked dwell—
Where the worldlings go?

For the human heart
Can ne'er conceive
What joys are the part
Of them who believe;
Nor can justly think
Of the cup of death
Which all must drink
Who despise the faith.

Away, then—oh, fly
From the joys of earth!
Her smile is a lie!
There's a sting in her mirth.
Come, leave the dreams
Of this transient night,
And bask in the beams
Of an endless light.

May 6, Saturday Evening.—This was the evening previous to the Communion, and in prospect of again declaring himself the Lord's, at His table, he enters into a brief review of his state. He had partaken o the ordinance in May of the year before for the first time; but he was then living at ease, and saw not the solemn nature of the step he took. He now sits down and reviews the past:—

"What a mass of corruption have I been! How great a

portion of my life have I spent wholly without God in the world; given up to sense and the perishing things around me. Naturally of a feeling and sentimental disposition, how much of my religion has been, and to this day is, tinged with these colours of earth! Restrained from open vice by educational views and the fear of man, how much ungodliness has reigned within me! How often has it broken through all restraints, and come out in the shape of lust and anger, mad ambitions, and unhallowed words! Though my vice was always refined, yet how subtle and how awfully prevalent it was! How complete a test was the Sabbath—spent in weariness, as much of it as was given to God's service! How I polluted it by my hypocrisies, my self-conceits, my worldly thoughts and worldly friends! How formally and unheedingly the Bible was read—how little was read—so little that even now I have not read it all! How unboundedly was the wild impulse of the heart obeyed! How much more was the creature loved than the Creator!—— O great God, that didst suffer me to live whilst I so dishonoured Thee, Thou knowest the whole; and it was Thy hand alone that could awaken me from the death in which I was, and was contented to be. Gladly would I have escaped from the Shepherd that sought me as I strayed; but He took me up in His arms and carried me back; and yet He took me not for any thing that was in me. I was no more fit for His service than the Australian, and no more worthy to be called and chosen. Yet why should I doubt? not that God is unwilling, not that He is unable—of both I am assured. But, perhaps, my old sins are too fearful, and my unbelief too glaring? Nay; I come to Christ, not *although* I am a sinner, but just *because* I am a sinner, even the chief."

"*June* 22.—Variety of studies. Septuagint translation of Exodus, and Vulgate. Bought Edwards' works. Drawing—Truly there was nothing in me that should have induced Him to choose me. I was but as other brands upon whom the fire is already kindled, which shall burn for evermore! And as soon could the billet leap from the hearth and become a green tree, as my soul could have sprung to newness of life."

"*June* 27.—Life of David Brainerd. Most wonderful man! What conflicts, what depressions, desertions, strength, advancement, victories, within thy torn bosom! I cannot express what I think when I think of thee. To-night, more set upon missionary enterprise than ever."

"*June* 28.—Oh for Brainerd's humility and sin-loathing dispositions!"

"*June* 30.—Much carelessness, sin, and sorrow. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death? Enter thou, my soul, into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, for fear of the Lord and the glory of his majesty," Isa. ii. 10. And then he writes a few verses, of which the following are some stanzas:—

I will arise and seek my God,
And, bowed down beneath my load,
Lay all my sins before Him;
Then He will wash my soul from sin,
And put a new heart me within,
And teach me to adore Him.

O ye that fain would find the joy—
The only one that wants alloy—
Which never is deceiving;
Come to the Well of Life with me,
And drink, as it is proffered, free,
The gospel draught receiving.

I come to Christ, because I know
The very worst are called to go;
And when in faith I find Him,
I'll walk in Him, and lean on Him,
Because I cannot move a limb
Until he say, "Unbind him."

"*Aug.* 13.—Clear conviction of sin is the only true origin of dependence on another's righteousness, and therefore (strange to say!) of the Christian's peace of mind and cheerfulness."

"*Feb.* 23, Sabbath.—Rose early to seek God, and found him whom my soul loveth. Who would not rise early to meet such company? The rains are over and gone. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," Ps. cxxvi. 5.

Two days after, he records, with thankful astonishment, that for the first time in his life he had been blessed to awaken a soul. All who find Christ for themselves are impelled, by the holy necessity of constraining love, to seek the salvation of others. Andrew findeth his brother Peter, and Philip findeth his friend Nathanael. So was it in the case before us. He no sooner knew Christ's righteousness as his own covering, than he longed to see others clothed in the same spotless robe. And it is peculiarly

interesting to read the feelings of one who was yet to be blessed in plucking so many brands from the fire, when, for the first time, he saw the Lord graciously employing him in this more than angelic work. We have his own testimony:—"*Feb.* 26. After sermon. The precious tidings that a soul has been melted down by the grace of the Saviour. How blessed an answer to prayer, if it be really so! 'Can these dry bones live? Lord, thou knowest.' What a blessed thing it is to see the first grievings of the awakened spirit, when it cries, 'I cannot see myself a sinner; I cannot pray, for my vile heart wanders.' It has refreshed me more than a thousand sermons. I know not how to thank and admire God sufficiently for this incipient work. Lord, perfect that which thou hast begun!" A few days after—"Lord, I thank thee that thou hast shewn me this marvellous working, though I was but an adoring spectator, rather than an instrument."

It is scarcely less interesting, in the case of one so gifted for the work of visiting the careless, and so singularly skilled in ministering the word by the bedside of the dying, to find a record of the occasion when the Lord led him forth to take his first survey of this field of labour. There existed at that time among some of the students attending the Divinity Hall a society, the sole object of which was to stir up each other to set apart an hour or two every week for visiting the careless and needy in the most neglected portions of the town.

"*March* 3.—Accompanied A. B. in one of his rounds through some of the most miserable habitations I ever beheld. Such scenes I never before dreamed of. Ah, why am I such a stranger to the poor of my native town? I have passed their doors thousands of times; I have admired the huge black piles of building, with their lofty chimneys breaking the sun's rays—why have I never ventured within? How dwelleth the love of God in me? How cordial is the welcome even of the poorest and most loathsome to the voice of Christian sympathy! What imbedded masses of human beings are huddled together, unvisited by friend or minister! 'No man careth for our souls' is written over every forehead. Awake, my soul! Why should I give hours and days any longer to the vain world, when there is such a world of misery at my very door? Lord, put thine own strength in me; confirm every good resolution; forgive my past long life of uselessness and folly."

He forthwith became one of the society's most steady mem-

bers, cultivating a district in the Canongate, teaching a Sabbath school, and distributing the Monthly Visitor, along with Mr Somerville.

It is affecting to us to read the following entry:—

"*May* 21.—This day I attained my twenty-first year. O how long and how worthlessly I have lived, Thou only knowest! *Ned* died in his thirty-first year; when shall I?" *

Mr M'Cheyne was peculiarly subject to attacks of fever, and by one of these was he laid down on a sick-bed on November 15th. On the 21st he writes—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Learned more and more of the value of *Jehovah Tzidkenu.*" He had, three days before, written his well-known hymn, "*I once was a stranger,*" &c., entitled *Jehovah Tzidkenu, the Watchword of the Reformers.*

"*March* 29.—College finished on Friday last. My last appearance there. Life itself is vanishing fast. Make haste for eternity."

His soul was prepared for the awful work of the ministry by much prayer, and much study of the Word of God; by affliction in his person; by inward trials and sore temptations; by experience of the depth of corruption in his own heart; and by discoveries of the Saviour's fulness of grace. It appears that he learnt the way of salvation experimentally, ere he knew it accurately by theory and system; and thus no doubt it was that his whole ministry was little else than a giving out of his own inward life.

JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.

"THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

(The watchword of the Reformers.)

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

* It is worthy of notice, how often the Lord has done much work by a few years of holy labour. In our Church, G. Gillespie and J. Durham died at thirty-six; Hugh Binning, at twenty-six. Andrew Gray when scarcely at twenty-two. Of our witnesses, Patrick Hamilton was cut off at twenty-four, and Hugh M'Kail at twenty-six. In other churches we might mention many, such as John Janeway at twenty-three, David Brainerd at thirty, and Henry Martyn at thirty-two. Theirs was a short life, filled up with usefulness, and crowned with glory. Oh to be as they!

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page;
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Sion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see,—
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,—
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and shield!

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This "watchword" shall rally my faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu, my death song shall be.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST YEARS OF LABOUR—LARBERT AND DUNDEE.

HE was licensed by the Presbytery of Annan, to preach the Gospel on 1st July 1835. His feelings at the moment appear from a record of his own in the evening of the day: "Preached three probationary discourses in Annan Church, and, after an examination in Hebrew, was solemnly licensed to preach the Gospel by Mr Monylaws, the Moderator. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, be stirred up to praise and

magnify His holy name!' Ps. ciii. 1. What I have so long desired as the highest honour of man, Thou at length givest me—me who dare scarcely use the words of Paul, 'Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach the unsearchable riches of Christ,' (Eph. iii. 8). Felt somewhat solemnized, though unable to feel my unworthiness as I ought. 'Be clothed with humility.'"

On the following Sabbath, Mr M'Cheyne preached for the first time in Ruthwell Church, near Dumfries, on "the Pool of Bethesda;" and in the afternoon, on "the Strait Gate." He writes that evening in his diary: "Found it a more awfully solemn thing than I had imagined to announce Christ authoritatively; yet a glorious privilege!" The week after (Saturday, July 11.), "Lord, put me into Thy service when and where Thou pleasest. In Thy hand all my qualities will be put to their appropriate end. Let me, then, have no anxieties." Next day, also, after preaching in St John's Church, Leith, "Remembered, before going into the pulpit, the confession which says, 'We have been more anxious about the messenger than the message.'" In preaching that day, he states, "It came across me in the pulpit, that if spared to be a minister, I might enjoy sweet flashes of communion with God in that situation. The mind is entirely wrought up to speak for God. It is possible, then, that more vivid acts of faith may be gone through then, than in quieter and sleepier moments."

On the 7th of November, he began his labours at Larbert, near Stirling. In the interval, he preached in various places, and many began to perceive the peculiar sweetness of the word in his lips. In accepting the invitation to labour in the sphere proposed, he wrote: "It has always been my aim, and it is my prayer, to have *no plans* with regard to myself—well assured as I am, that the place where the Saviour sees meet to place me, must ever be the best place for me."

The parish to which he had come was very large, containing six thousand souls. The parish church is at Larbert; but through the exertions of Mr Bonar, many years ago, a second church was erected for the people of Dunipace. As assistant, it was his part to preach every alternate Sabbath at Larbert and Dunipace, and during the week to visit among the population of both these districts, according as he felt himself enabled in body and soul. There was a marked difference between the two districts

in their general features of character; but equal labour was bestowed on both by the minister and his assistant; and often did their prayers ascend that the windows of heaven might be opened over the two sanctuaries. Souls have been saved there. Often, however, did the faithful pastor mingle his tears with those of his younger fellow-soldier, complaining, "Lord, who hath believed our report?" (Isa. liii. 1). There was much sowing in faith; nor was this sowing abandoned even when the returns seemed most inadequate.

No sooner was he settled in his chamber, than he commenced his work. With him, the commencement of all labour invariably consisted in the preparation of his own soul. The forerunner of each day's visitation was a calm season of private devotion during morning hours. The walls of his chamber were witnesses of his prayerfulness—I believe of his tears, as well of his cries. The pleasant sound of psalms often issued from his room at an early hour. Then followed the reading of the Word for his own sanctification; and few have so fully realised the blessing of the first Psalm. His leaf did not wither, for his roots were in the waters. It was here, too, that he began to study so closely the works of Jonathan Edwards—reckoning them a mine to be wrought, and if wrought, sure to repay the toil. Along with this author, the Letters of Samuel Rutherford were often in his hand. Books of general knowledge he occasionally perused; but now it was done with the steady purpose of finding in them some illustration of spiritual truth. He rose from reading *Insect Architecture*, with the observation, "God reigns in a community of ants and ichneumons, as visibly as among living men or mighty seraphim!"

His desire to grow in acquaintance with Scripture was very intense; and both Old and New Testament were his regular study. He loved to range over the wide revelation of God. "He would be a sorry student of this world," said he to a friend, "who should for ever confine his gaze to the fruitful fields and well-watered gardens of this cultivated earth. He could have no true idea of what the world was, unless he had stood upon the rocks of our mountains, and seen the bleak muirs and mosses of our barren land; unless he had paced the quarter-deck when the vessel was out of sight of land, and seen the waste of waters without any shore upon the horizon. Just so, he would be a sorry student of the Bible, who would not know all that God has

inspired: who would not examine into the most barren chapters to collect the good for which they were intended: who would not strive to understand all the bloody battles which are chronicled, that he might find 'bread out of the eater, and honey out of the lion."—(June 1836.)

His anxiety to have every possible help to holiness led him to notice what are the disadvantages of those who are not daily stirred up by the fellowship of more advanced believers. "I have found, by some experience, that in the country here my watch does not go so well as it used to do in town. By small and gradual changes I find it either gains or loses, and I am surprised to find myself different in time from all the world, and, what is worse, from the sun. The simple explanation is, that in town I meet with a steeple in every street, and a good-going clock upon it; and so any aberrations in my watch were soon noticed and easily corrected. And just so I sometimes think it may be with that inner watch, whose hands point not to time put to eternity. By gradual and slow changes the wheels of my soul lag behind, or the springs of passions become too powerful; and I have no living timepiece with which I may compare, and by which I may amend my going. You will say that I may always have the sun: and so it should be; but we have many clouds which obscure the sun from our weak eyes."—(*Letter to Rev. H. Bonar, Kelso.*)

From the first he fed others by what he himself was feeding upon. His preaching was in a manner the development of his soul's experience. It was a giving out of the inward life. He loved to come up from the pastures wherein the Chief Shepherd had met him—to lead the flock entrusted to his care to the spots where he found nourishment.

A simple incident was overruled to promote the ease and fluency of his pulpit ministrations. From the very beginning of his ministry, he reprobated the custom of reading sermons, believing that to do so does exceedingly weaken the freedom and natural fervour of the messenger in delivering his message. Neither did he recite what he had written. But his custom was to impress on his memory the substance of what he had beforehand carefully written, and then to speak as he found liberty. One morning, as he rode rapidly along to Dunipace, his written sermons were dropped on the wayside. This accident prevented him having the opportunity of preparing in his usual manner;

but he was enabled to preach with more than usual freedom. For the first time in his life, he discovered that he possessed the gift of extemporaneous composition, and learned, to his own surprise, that he had more composedness of mind and command of language than he had believed. This discovery, however, did not in the least degree diminish his diligent preparation. Indeed, the only use that he made of the incident at the time it occurred was, to draw a lesson of dependence on God's own immediate blessing, rather than on the satisfactory preparation made. "One thing always fills the cup of my consolation, that God may work by the meanest and poorest words, as well as by the most polished and ornate—yea, perhaps more readily, that the glory may be all His own."

About this time he occasionally contributed papers to the *Christian Herald:* one of these was *On Sudden Conversions*, shewing that Scripture led us to expect such. During this month he seems to have written the *Lines on Mungo Park*, one of the pieces which attracted the notice of Professor Wilson. But whatever he engaged in, his aim was to honour his Master. I find him, after hearing sermon by another, remarking (*April* 8.), "Some things powerful; but I thirst to hear more of Christ."

"*April* 13.—Went to Stirling to hear Dr Duff once more upon his system. With greater warmth and energy than ever. He kindles as he goes. Felt almost constrained to go the whole length of his system with him. If it were only to raise up an audience, it would be defensible; but when it is to raise up teachers, it is more than defensible. I am now made willing, if God shall open the way, to go to India. Here am I; send me!" Isa. vi. 8.

The missionary feeling in his soul continued all his life. The Lord had really made him willing; and this preparedness to go anywhere completed his preparation for unselfish, self-denied work at home. Must there not be somewhat of this missionary tendency in all true ministers? Is any one truly the Lord's messenger who is not quite willing to go when and where the Lord calls?

"*May* 15.—This day an annular eclipse of the sun. Kept both the services together in order to be in time. Truly a beautiful sight to see the shining edge of the sun all round the dark disc of the moon. Lord, one day Thy hand shall put out those candles; for there shall be no need of the sun to lighten the

happy land; the Lamb is the light thereof—a sun that cannot be eclipsed—that cannot go down."

"*May* 21.—Preparation for the Sabbath. My birthday. I have lived twenty-three years. Blessed be my Rock. Though I am a child in knowledge of my Bible and of Thee, yet use me for what a child can do, or a child can suffer. How few sufferings I have had in the year that is past, except in my own body. Oh that as my day is my strength may be! Give me strength for a suffering, and for a dying hour!"

"*May* 22.—O Lord, when Thou workest, all discouragements vanish—when Thou art away, anything is a discouragement. Blessed be God for such a day—one of a thousand! Oh why not always this? Watch and pray."

"*June* 11.—Yesterday up in Dunipace. It would seem as if I were afraid to name the name of Christ. Saw many worldly people greatly needing a word in season, yet could not get up my heart to speak. What I did failed almost completely. I am not worthy, Lord! To-day sought to prepare my heart for the coming Sabbath. After the example of Boston, whose life I have been reading, examined my heart with prayer and fasting. 1. Does my heart really close with the offer of salvation by Jesus? Is it my choice to be saved in the way which gives Him all the praise, and me none? Do I not only see it to be the Bible way of salvation, but does it cordially approve itself to my heart as delightful? Lord, search me and try me, for I cannot but answer, Yes, yes. 2. Is it the desire of my heart to be made altogether holy? Is there any sin I wish to retain? Is sin a grief to me, the sudden risings and overcomings thereof especially? Lord, Thou knowest all things—Thou knowest that I hate all sin, and desire to be made altogether *like Thee*. It is the sweetest word in the Bible—'Sin *shall not* have dominion over you.' Oh then that I might lie low in the dust—the lower the better—that Jesus' righteousness and Jesus' strength alone be admired. Felt much deadness and much grief, that I cannot grieve for this deadness. Towards evening revived. Got a calm spirit through psalmody and prayer."

"*May* 15.—Day of visiting (rather a happy one) in Carronshore. Large meeting in the evening. Felt very happy after it, though mourning for *bitter speaking of the Gospel*. Surely it is a gentle message, and should be spoken with angelic tenderness, especially by such a needy sinner."

Of this bitterness in preaching, he had little indeed in after days; yet so sensible was he of its being quite natural to all of us, that oftentimes he made it the subject of conversation, and used to grieve over himself if he had spoken with any thing less than solemn compassion. I remember on one occasion, when we met, he asked what my last Sabbath's subject had been. It had been, "The wicked shall be turned into hell" (Ps. ix. 17). On hearing this awful text, he asked, "Were you able to preach it *with tenderness?*"

"*June* 26.—True Sabbath-day. Golden sky. Full church, and more liveliness than sometimes. Shall I call the liveliness of this day a gale of the Spirit, or was all natural? I know that all was not of grace: the self-admiration, the vanity, the desire of honour, the bitterness—these were all breaths of earth or hell. But was there no grace? Lord, Thou knowest. I dare not wrong Thee by saying—No! Larbert Sabbath school, with the same liveliness and joy. Domestic work with the same. Praised be God! Oh that the savour of it may last through the week! By this may I test if it be all of nature, or much of grace. Alas! how I tremble for my Monday mornings—those seasons of lifelessness. Lord, bless the seeds sown this day in the hearts of my friends, by the hand of my friends, and all over the world,—hasten the harvest!"

"*July* 8.—Since Tuesday have been laid up with illness. Set by once more for a season to feel my unprofitableness and cure my pride. When shall this self-choosing temper be healed? 'Lord, I will preach, run, visit, wrestle,' said I. 'No, thou shalt lie in thy bed and suffer,' said the Lord. To-day missed some fine opportunities of speaking a word for Christ. The Lord saw I would have spoken as much for my own honour as His, and therefore shut my mouth. *I see a man cannot be a faithful minister, until he preaches Christ for Christ's sake*—until he gives up striving to attract people to himself, and seeks only to attract them to Christ. Lord, give me this! To-night some glimpses of humbling; and therefore, some wrestling in social prayer. But my prayers are scarcely to be called prayer."

"*July* 24.—Dunipace Communion.—Heard Mr Purves of Jedburgh preach, 'Therefore with joy shall we draw water out of the wells of salvation.' The only way to come to ordinances, and to draw from the well, is to come with the matter of acceptance settled, believing God's anger to be turned away. Truly a pre-

cious view of the freeness of the Gospel very refreshing. My soul needs to be roused much to apprehend this truth."

Coming home on a Sabbath evening (Aug. 7th) from Torwood Sabbath school, a person met him who suggested an opportunity of usefulness. There were two families of gypsies encamped at Torwood, within his reach. He was weary with a long day's labour; but instantly, as was his custom on such a call, set off to find them. By the side of their wood-fire, he opened out the parable of the Lost Sheep, and pressed it on their souls in simple terms. He then knelt down in prayer for them, and left them somewhat impressed and very grateful.

It was about this time that the managers and congregation of the new Church, St Peter's, Dundee, invited him to preach as one of the candidates; and, in the end of August, chose him to be their pastor, with one accord. He accepted the call under an awful sense of the work that lay before him. He would rather, he said, have made choice for himself of such a rural parish as Dunipace; but the Lord seemed to desire it otherwise. "His ways are in the sea" (Ps. lxxvii. 19). More than once, at a later period, he would say, "We might have thought that God would have sent a strong man to such a parish as mine, and not a feeble reed."

He was ordained on November 24. 1836. The parish of St Peter's, to which he had come, was large and very destitute. It is situated at the west end of the town, and included some part of the adjacent country. The church was built in connection with the Church Extension Scheme. The parish was a *quoad sacra* parish, detached from St John's. It contains a population of 4000 souls, very many of whom never crossed the threshold of any sanctuary. His congregation amounted, at the very outset, to about 1100 hearers, one-third of whom came from distant parts of the town.

His diary does not contain much of his feelings during his residence in Dundee. His incessant labours left him little time, except what he scrupulously spent in the direct exercises of devotion. He occasionally set apart seasons for special prayer and fasting, occupying the time so set apart exclusively in devotion. But the real secret of his soul's prosperity lay in the daily enlargement of his heart in fellowship with his God. And the river deepened as it flowed on to eternity; so that he at least reached that feature of a holy pastor which Paul pointed out to (1 Timothy iv. 15)—"His profiting did appear to all."

In his own house everything was fitted to make you feel that the service of God was a cheerful service, while he sought that every arrangement of the family should bear upon eternity. His morning hours were set apart for the nourishment of his own soul; not, however, with the view of laying up a stock of grace for the rest of the day—for manna will corrupt if laid by—but rather with the view of "giving the eye the habit of looking upward all the day, and drawing down gleams from the reconciled countenance." He was sparing in the hours devoted to sleep, and resolutely secured time for devotion before breakfast, although often wearied and exhausted when he laid himself to rest. "A soldier of the cross," was his remark, "must endure hardness" (2 Tim. ii. 3.) Often he sang a psalm of praise, as soon as he arose, to stir up his soul. Three chapters of the Word was his usual morning portion. This he thought little enough, for he delighted exceedingly in the Scriptures: they were better to him than thousands of gold or silver. "When you write," said he to a friend, "tell me the meaning of Scriptures." To another, in expressing his value for the Word, he said, "One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams."

His first months of labour were very trying. He was not strong in bodily health, and that winter a fatal influenza prevailed for two or three months, so that most of his time in his parish was spent in visiting the sick and dying. In such cases he was always ready. "Did I tell you of the boy I was asked to see on Sabbath evening, just when I had got myself comfortably seated at home? I went, and was speaking to him of the freenesss and fulness of Jesus, when he gasped a little and died."

But it was, above all, to the children of God that his visitations seemed blessed. His voice, and his very eye, spoke tenderness; for personal affliction had taught him to feel sympathy with the sorrowing. Though the following be an extract from a letter, yet it will be recognised by many as exhibiting his mode of dealing with God's afflicted ones in his visitations: "There is a sweet word in Exodus iii. 7, which was pointed out to me the other day by a poor bereaved child of God—'I know their sorrows.' Study that; it fills the soul. Another word like it is in Psalm ciii. 14—'He knoweth our frame.' May your own soul, and that of your dear friends, be fed by these things. A dark hour makes Jesus bright. Another sweet word—'They knew not that it was Jesus'" (John xxi. 4).

I find some specimens of his sick visits among his papers, noted down at a time when his work had not grown upon his hands. "*January* 25. 1837—Visited Mt. M'Bain, a young woman of twenty-four, long ill of decline. Better or worse these ten years past. Spoke of '*The one thing needful*,' plainly. She sat quiet. *February* 14th—Had heard she was better—found her near dying. Spoke plainly and tenderly to her, commending Christ. Used many texts. She put out her hand kindly on leaving. 15th—Still dying like; spoke as yesterday. She never opened her eyes. 16th—Shewed her the dreadfulness of wrath; freeness of Christ; the majesty, justice, truth of God. Poor M. is fast going the way whence she shall not return. Many neighbours also always gather in. 17th—Read Psalm xxii.; shewed the sufferings of Christ; how sufficient an atonement; how feeling a High Priest. She breathed loud, and groaned through pain. Died this evening at seven. I hardly ever heard her speak anything; and I will hope that thou art with Christ in glory, till I go and see. 20th—Prayed at her funeral. Saw her laid in St Peter's churchyard, *the first laid there*, by her own desire, in the fresh mould where never man was laid. May it be a token that she is with Him who was laid in a new tomb."

One other case: "*February* 5. 1839.—Called suddenly in the evening. Found him near death. Careless family. Many round him. Spoke of the freeness and sufficiency of Jesus, '*Come unto me*,' &c., and '*The wrath of God revealed from heaven*.' Told him he was going where he would see Christ! asked him if He would be his Saviour? He seemed to answer; his father said, 'He is saying yes.' But it was the throe of death. One or two indescribable gasps, and he died! I sat silent, and let God preach. 7th—Spoke of the '*Widow of Nain*,' and '*Behold I stand at the door*.'"

He sought to encourage Sabbath schools in all the districts of his parish. The Hymn, *Oil for the Lamp*, was written to impress the parable of the ten virgins on a class of Sabbath scholars in 1841. Some of his sweet, simple tracts were written for these schools. *Reasons why Children should fly to Christ*, was the first, written at the New Year, 1839; and *The Lambs of the Flock* was another at a later period. His heart felt for the young. One evening, after visiting some of his Sabbath-schools, he writes: "Had considerable joy in teaching the children. Oh for real heart-work among them!" He could accommodate himself to

their capacities; and he did not reckon it vain to use his talents in order to attract their attention; for he regarded the soul of a child as infinitely precious. Ever watchful for opportunities, on the blank leaf of a book which he had sent to a little boy of his congregation, he wrote these simple lines:—

Peace be to thee, gentle boy!
Many years of health and joy!
Love your Bible more than play—
Grow in wisdom every day.
Like the lark on hovering wing,
Early rise, and mount and sing;
Like the dove that found no rest
Till it flew to Noah's breast,
Rest not in this world of sin,
Till the Saviour take thee in.

It was very soon after his ordination that he began his weekly prayer-meeting in the church. He had heard how meetings of this kind had been blessed in other places, and never had he any cause to regret having set apart the Thursday evening for this holy purpose. One of its first effects was to quicken those who had already believed; they were often refreshed upon these occasions even more than on the Sabbath. Some of the most solemn seasons of his ministry were at those meetings.

But it was his Sabbath-day's services that brought multitudes together, and were soon felt throughout the town. He was ever so ready to assist his brethren, so much engaged in every good work, and latterly so often interrupted by inquiries, that it might be thought he had no time for careful preparation, and might be excused for the absence of it. But, in truth, he never preached without careful attention bestowed on his subject. He might, indeed, have little time—often the hours of a Saturday was all the time he could obtain—but his daily study of the Scriptures stored his mind, and formed a continual preparation. Much of his Sabbath services was a drawing out of what he had carried in during busy days of the week.

His voice was remarkably clear—his manner attractive by its mild dignity. His form itself drew the eye. He spoke from the pulpit as one earnestly occupied with the souls before him. He made them feel sympathy with what he spoke, for his own eye and heart were on them. He was, at the same time, able to bring out illustrations at once simple and felicitous, often with poetic skill and elegance. He wished to use Saxon words, for

the sake of being understood by the most illiterate in his audience. And while his style was singularly clear, this clearness itself was so much the consequence of his being able thoroughly to analyse and explain his subject, that all his hearers alike reaped the benefit.

He went about his public work with awful reverence. So evident was this, that I remember a countryman in my parish observed to me—"Before he opened his lips, as he came along the passage, there was something about him that sorely affected me." In the vestry there was never any idle conversation; all was preparation of heart in approaching God; and a short prayer preceded his entering the pulpit. Surely in going forth to speak for God, a man may well be overawed! Surely in putting forth his hand to sow the seed of the kingdon, a man may even tremble! And surely we should aim at nothing less than to pour forth the truth upon our people through the channel of our own living and deeply affected souls.

After announcing the subject of his discourse, he used generally to shew the position it occupied in the context, and then proceed to bring out the doctrines of the text, in the manner of our old divines. This done, he divided his subject; and herein he was eminently skilful. "The heads of his sermons," said a friend, "were not the mile-stones that tell you how near you are to your journey's end, but they were nails which fixed and fastened all he said. Divisions are often dry; but not so *his* divisions—they were so textual and so feeling, that they brought out the spirit of a passage surprisingly."

It was his wish to arrive nearer at the primitive mode of expounding Scripture in his sermons. Hence when one asked him, If he was never afraid of running short of sermons some day? he replied, "No; I am just an interpreter of Scripture in my sermons; and when the Bible runs dry, then I shall."

Mr M'Cheyne preached all the doctrines of Scripture as understood by our Confession of Faith, dwelling upon ruin by the fall, and recovery by the Mediator. "The things of the human heart, and the things of the divine mind," were in substance his constant theme. From personal experience of deep temptation, he could lay open the secrets of the heart, so that he once said, "He supposed the reason why some of the worst sinners in Dundee had come to hear him was, because his heart exhibited so much likeness to theirs." Still it was not *doctrine* alone that

be preached; it was *Christ*, from whom all doctrine shoots forth as rays from a centre. He sought to hang every vessel and flagon upon Him.

It is difficult to convey to those who never knew him a correct idea of the sweetness and holy unction of his preaching. Some of his sermons, printed from his own MSS. (although almost all are first copies), may convey a correct idea of his style and mode of preaching doctrine. But there are no notes that give any true idea of his affectionate appeals to the heart and searching applications. These he seldom wrote; they were poured forth at the moment when his heart filled with his subject; for his rule was to set before his hearers a body of truth first—and there always was a vast amount of Bible truth in his discourses—and then urge home the application.

Many will remember for ever the blessed Communion Sabbaths, that were enjoyed in St Peter's. From the very first these Communion seasons were remarkably owned of God. The awe of His presence used to be upon His people, and the house filled with the odour of the ointment, when His name was poured forth (Song i. 3). But on common Sabbaths also many soon began to journey long distances to attend St Peter's—many from country parishes, who would return home with their hearts burning, as they talked of what they had heard that day.

He was sometimes extraordinarily helped in his preaching, but at other times, though not perceived by his hearers, his soul felt as if left to its own resources. The cry of Rowland Hill was constantly on his lips, "Master, help!" and often is it written at the close of his sermons. Much affliction, also, was a thorn in the flesh to him. But certainly, above all, his abiding sense of the divine favour was his safeguard. He began his ministry in Dundee with this sunshine on his way. "As yet I have been kept not only in the light of His reconciled countenance, but very much under the guiding eye of our providing God."

What monotony there is in the ministry of many! Duty presses on the heels of duty in an endless circle. But it is not so when the Spirit is quickening both the pastor and his flock. Then there is all the variety of life. It was so here. The Lord began to work by his means almost from the first day he came. There was ever one and another stricken, and going apart to weep alone.

The flocking of souls to his ministry, and the deep interest excited, drew the attention of many, and raised the wish in some

quarters to have him as their pastor. He had not been many months engaged in his laborious work when he was solicited to remove to the parish of Skirling, near Biggar. It was an offer that presented great advantages above his own field of labour as to worldly gain, and in respect of the prospect it held out of comparative ease and comfort; for the parish was small, and the emolument great. But as it is required of a bishop, that he be "not greedy of filthy lucre;" nay, that he be "one who has no love of money" (ἀφιλαργυρος, 1 Tim. iii. 3) at all, so was it true that in him these qualifications eminently shone. His remarks in a letter to his father contain the honest expression of his feelings;—"I am set down among nearly 4000 people; 1100 people have taken seats in my church. I bring my message, such as it is, within the reach of that great company every Sabbath-day. I dare not leave 3000 or 4000, for 300 people. Had this been offered me before, I would have seen it a direct intimation from God, and would heartily have embraced it. How I should have delighted to feed so precious a little flock—to watch over every family—to know every heart—'to allure to brighter worlds and lead the way!' But God has not so ordered it. He has set me down among the noisy mechanics and political weavers of this godless town. He will make the money sufficient. He that paid His taxes from a fish's mouth, will supply all my need." He had already expressed the hope, "Perhaps the Lord will make this wilderness of chimney-tops to be green and beautiful as the garden of the Lord, a field which the Lord hath blessed."

His health was delicate; and the harassing care and endless fatigue incident to his position in a town like Dundee, seemed unsuitable to his spirit. This belief led to another attempt to remove him to a country sphere. In the summer of this same year (1837) he was strongly urged to preach as a candidate for the vacant parish of St Martin's, near Perth, and assured of the appointment if he would only come forward. But he declined again: "My Master has placed me here with His own hand; and I never will, directly or indirectly, seek to be removed."

There were circumstances in this latter case that made the call on him appear urgent in several points of view. In coming to a resolution, he mentions one interesting element in the decision, in a letter to me, dated August 8th. "I was much troubled about being asked to go to a neighbouring parish at present vacant, and made it a matter of prayer; and I mention it now because

of the wonderful answer to prayer which I think I received from God. I prayed that in order to settle my own mind completely about staying, He would awaken some of my people. I agreed that that should be a sign He would wish me to stay. The next morning I think, or at least the second morning, there came to me two young persons I had never seen before, in great distress. What brought this to my mind was, that they came to me again yesterday, and their distress is greatly increased. Indeed I never saw any people in such anguish about their soul. I cannot but regard this as a real answer to prayer. I have also several other persons in deep distress, and I feel that I am quite helpless in comforting them. I would fain be like Noah, who put out his hand and took in the weary dove; but God makes me stand by and feel that I am a child. Will God never cast the scenes of our labour near each other? We are in his hand; let Him do as seemeth Him good. Pray for me, for my people, for my own soul, that I be not a castaway."

Indeed, he himself has left us a glance of his views on this point in a fragment, which (for it is not dated) may have been written about this time. He had been thinking on *Gideon's Fleece*.

When God called Gideon forth to fight—
"Go, save thou Israel in thy might,"—
The faithful warrior sought a sign
That God would on His labours shine.
The man who, at thy dread command,
Lifted the shield and deadly brand,
To do Thy strange and fearful work—
Thy work of blood and vengeance, Lord!—
Might need assurance doubly tried,
To prove Thou wouldst His steps betide.
But when the message which we bring
Is one to make the dumb man sing;
To bid the blind man wash and see,
The lame to leap with ecstasy;
To raise the soul that's bowed down,
To wipe away the tears and frown;
To sprinkle all the heart within
From the accusing voice of sin—
Then, such a sign my call to prove,
To preach my Saviour's dying love,
I cannot, dare not, hope to find.

In the close of the same year 1837, he agreed to become Secretary to the Association for Church Extension in the county

of Forfar. The Church Extension Scheme, though much misrepresented and much misunderstood, had in view as its genuine, sincere endeavour, to bring to overgrown parishes the advantage of a faithful minister, placed over such a number of souls as he could really visit.

His views on this subject were summed up in the following lines, written one day as he sat in company with some of his zealous brethren who were deeply engaged in the scheme :—

> "Give me a man of God the truth to preach,
> A house of prayer within convenient reach,
> Seat-rents the poorest of the poor can pay,
> A spot so small one pastor can survey,
> Give these—and give the Spirit's genial shower,
> Scotland shall be a garden all in flower!"

In regard to the great public questions that were then shaking the Church of Scotland, his views were decided and unhesitating. No policy, in his view, could be more ruinous to true Christianity, or more fitted to blight vital godliness, than that of Moderatism. He wrote once to a friend in Ireland—"You don't know what Moderatism is. It is a plant that our Heavenly Father never planted, and I trust it is now to be rooted up." The great question of the Church's independence of the Civil Power in all matters spiritual, and the right of the Christian people to judge if the pastor appointed over them had the Shepherd's voice, he invariably held to be part of Scripture truth; which, therefore, must be preached and carried into practice, at all hazards.

There was still another means of enforcing what he preached, in the use of which he has excelled all his brethren, namely, the holy consistency of his daily walk. Aware that one idle word, one needless contention, one covetous act, may destroy in our people the effect of many a solemn expostulation and earnest warning, he was peculiarly circumspect in his every-day walk. He wished to be always in the presence of God. If he travelled, he laboured to enjoy God by the way, as well as to do good to others by dropping a word in season. In riding or walking, he seized opportunities of giving a useful tract; and, on principle, he preferred giving it to the person directly, rather than casting it on the road. The former way, he said, was more open—there was no stealth in it—and we ought to be as clear as crystal in speaking or acting for Jesus. In writing a note, however short, he sought to season it with salt. If he passed a night in a strange

place, he tried to bear the place specially on his soul at the mercy-seat; and if compelled to take some rest from his too exhausting toils, his recreations were little else than a change of occupation, from one mode of glorifying God to another. His beautiful hymn *I am debtor*, inserted at the end of this chapter, was written in May 1837, at a leisure hour.

His visits to friends were times when he sought to do good to their souls; and never was he satisfied unless he could guide the conversation to bear upon the things of eternity. When he could not do so, he generally remained silent. And yet his demeanour was easy and pleasant to all, exhibiting at once meekness of faith, and delicacy of feeling. There was in his character a high refinement that came out in poetry and true politeness; and there was something in his graces that reminded one of his own remark, when explaining *the spices* of Song iv. 16, when he said, that "some believers were a garden that had fruit-trees, and so were useful; but we ought also to have *spices*, and so be attractive." Wishing to convey his grateful feelings to a fellow-labourer in Dundee, he sent him a Hebrew Bible, with these few lines prefixed:—

Anoint mine eyes,
O holy dove!
That I may prize
This book of love.

Unstop mine ear,
Made deaf by sin,
That I may hear
Thy voice within.

Break my hard heart,
Jesus, my Lord,
In the inmost part
Hide Thy sweet word.

It was on a similar occasion, in 1838, that he wrote the lines, *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.* At another time, sitting under a shady tree, and casting his eye on the hospitable dwelling in which he found a pleasant retreat, his grateful feelings flowed out to his kind friend in the lines that follow:—

"PEACE TO THIS HOUSE."

Long may peace within this dwelling
Have its resting-place;
Angel shields all harm repelling—
God, their God of grace.

May the dove-like Spirit guide them
To the Upright land!

May the Saviour-shepherd feed them
From His gentle hand!

In this spirit he was enabled for nearly three years to give his strength to his Master's service. Sickness sometimes laid him aside, and taught him what he had to suffer; but he rose from it to go forth again to his joyful labours. Often, after a toilsome day, there were inquiries waiting for him, so that he had to begin work afresh in a new form. But this was his delight; it was a kind of interruption which he allowed even on a Saturday, in the midst of his studies.

We have already observed that in his doctrine there was nothing that differed from the views of truth laid down in the standards of our church. He saw no inconsistency in preaching an electing God, who "calleth whom He will," and a salvation free to "whosoever will;" nor in declaring the absolute sovereignty of God, and yet the unimpaired responsibility of man. He preached Christ as a gift laid down by the Father for every sinner freely to take. In the beginning of his ministry, as he preached the fulness of the glad tidings, and urged on his people that there was enough in the glad tidings to bring direct and immediate assurance to every one who really believed them, some of his flock were startled. For he ever preached, that, while it is true that there are believers, like Heman or Asaph, who do not enjoy full assurance of the love of God, yet certainly no true believer should remain satisfied in the absence of this blessed peace.

Some one wrote to him, putting several questions concerning conversion, assurance, and faith, which had been stirred up by his ministry. The import of the questions may be gathered from his reply, which was as follows:—

"1. *I doubt if there are many saints who live and die without a comfortable sense of forgiveness and acceptance with God.* The saints of whom the Bible speaks seem to have enjoyed it richly both in life and death. See the murderers of our Lord, Acts ii. 41; the Ethiopian, Acts viii. 39; the jailor, Acts xvi. 35. David also felt it, sinful man though he was; Rom. iv. 6. Paul also prayed that the Romans might have it; Rom. xv. 13. I fear this objection is generally made by those who are living in sin, and do not wish to know the dangerous road they are on.

"2. *A sense of forgiveness does not proceed from marks seen in yourselves, but from a discovery of the beauty, worth, and freeness of Christ;* Ps. xxxiv. 5. We look *out* for peace, not *in*. At the

same time there is also an assurance rising from what we see in ourselves; the seal of the Spirit, love to the brethren, &c., are the chief marks.

"3. *Feeling a body of sin is a mark that we are like Paul, and that we are Christ's;* Rom. vii., Gal. v. 17. Paul was cheerful with a body of sin; and so ought we to be. So was David, and all the saints.

"4. *I do not think there is any difference between those converted within these few years and those who were Christians before.* Many of those converted since I came are, I fear, very unholy. I fear this more than anything. I fear there is too much talk and too little reality. Still there are many good figs—many of whom I am persuaded better things, and things that accompany salvation. The answer to your question I fear is this, that many used to be taken for Christians before, who had only a name to live, and were dead. I think there is more discrimination now.

At a subsequent period, when preaching on Mat. xi. 28, "Come unto Me," he said, "I suppose it is almost impossible to explain what it is to come to Jesus, it is so simple. If you ask a sick person who had been healed, what it was to come and be healed, he could hardly tell you. As far as the Lord has given me light in this matter, and looking at what my own heart does in like circumstances, I do not feel that there is anything more in coming to Jesus, than just believing what God says about His Son to be true. I believe that many people keep themselves in darkness by expecting something more than this. Some of you will ask, 'Is there no *appropriating* of Christ? no *putting out the hand of faith?* no touching the hem of His garment?' I quite grant, beloved, there is such a thing, but I do think it is inseparable from believing the record. If the Lord persuades you of the glory and power of Immanuel, I feel persuaded that you cannot but choose Him. It is like opening the shutters of a dark room; the sun that moment shines in. So, the eye that is opened to the testimony of God, receives Christ that moment."

"*Oct.* 22.—A Jew preached in my church, Mr Frey, to a crowded house. Felt much moved in hearing an Israelite after the flesh."

"*Oct.* 23.—Preached to sailors aboard the 'Dr Carey,' in the Docks. About 200, very attentive and impressed-like. On 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' May the seed sown on the waters be found after many days."

"*Nov.* 1, Fast-day—Afternoon—Mr C. on 'The Thief on the Cross.' A most awakening and engaging sermon, enough to make sinners fly like a cloud, and as doves to their windows. The offers of Christ were let down very low, so that those low of stature may take hold."

In addition to the other blessings which the Lord sent by his means to the place where he laboured, it was obvious to all that the tone of Christians was raised, as much by his holy walk, as by his heavenly ministry. Yet, during these pleasant days, he had much reproach to bear. He was the object of supercilious contempt to formal, cold-hearted ministers, and of bitter hatred to many of the ungodly. At this day there are both ministers and professing Christians of whom Jesus would say, "The world cannot hate you" (John vii. 7), for the world cannot hate itself; but it was not so with Mr M'Cheyne. Very deep was the enmity borne to him by some—all the deeper, because the only cause of it was his likeness to his Master. But nothing turned him aside. He was full of ardour, yet ever gentle, and meek, and generous: full of zeal, yet never ruffled by his zeal; and not only his strength of "first love" (Rev. ii. 4), but even its warm glow, seemed in him to suffer no decay.

Thus he spent the first years of his ministry in Dundee. The town began to feel that they had a peculiar man of God in the midst of them, for he lived as a true son of Levi. "My covenant was with him of life and peace, and I gave them to him for the fear wherewith he feared Me, and was afraid before My name. The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with Me in peace and equity; and did turn many away from iniquity," Mal. ii. 5, 6.

"I AM DEBTOR."

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun;
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,

Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let Thy glory pass,
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to shew,
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed Jesus! bid me shew
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall—but still arise—
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies.
Blessed Spirit! bid me shew
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night Thine anger burns—
Morning comes and joy returns;
God of comforts! bid me shew
To Thy poor, how much I owe.

May 1837.

CHAPTER III.

HIS MISSION TO PALESTINE AND THE JEWS.

THOUGH engaged night and day with his flock in St Peter's, Mr M'Cheyne ever cherished a missionary spirit. "This place hardens me for a foreign land," was his remark on one occasion.

Another motive to incessant activity was the decided impression on his mind that his career would be short. From the very first days of ministry he had a strong feeling of this nature; and his friends remember how his letters used to be sealed with this seal, "*The night cometh.*"

In the close of 1838, some symptoms appeared that alarmed his friends. His constitution, never robust, began to feel the effects of unremitting labour; for occasionally he would spend six hours in visiting, and then, the same evening, preach in some room to all the families whom he had that day visited. Very generally, too, on Sabbath, after preaching twice to his own flock, he was engaged in ministering somewhere else in the evening. But now, after any great exertion, he was attacked by violent palpitation of heart, It soon increased, affecting him in his hours of study, and at last it became almost constant. Upon this, his medical advisers insisted on a total cessation of his public work; for though, as yet, there was no organic change on his lungs, there was every reason to apprehend that that might be the result. Accordingly, with deep regret, he left Dundee to seek rest and change of occupation, hoping it would only be for a week or two.

He was still hoping for, and submissively asking from the Lord, speedy restoration to his people at Dundee, and occasionally sent to them an epistle that breathed the true pastor's soul; when one day, as he was walking with Dr Candlish, conversing on the Mission to Israel which had lately been resolved on, an idea seemed suddenly suggested to Dr Candlish. He asked Mr M'Cheyne what he would think of "being useful to the Jewish cause, during his cessation from labour, by going abroad to make personal inquiries into the state of Israel?" The idea, thus suddenly suggested, led to all the after results of the Mission of Inquiry. Mr M'Cheyne found himself all at once called to carry

salvation to the Jew as he had hitherto done to the Gentile, and his soul was filled with joy and wonder. His medical friends highly approved of the proposal, as being likely to conduce very much to the removal of his complaints—the calm, steady excitement of such a journey being likely to restore the tone of his whole constitution.

Dr Black of Aberdeen readily consented to use his remarkable talents as a scholar in this cause; and Dr Keith intimated his expectation of soon joining the deputation; and I also was chosen to go forth on this mission of love to Israel.

The interest that this proposed journey excited in Scotland was very great. Nor was it merely the somewhat romantic interest attached to the land where the Lord had done most of His mighty works; there were also in it the deeper feelings of a Scriptural persuasion that Israel was still "beloved for the father's sake." For some time previous, Jerusalem had come into mind, and many godly pastors were standing as watchmen over its ruined walls (Isa. lxii. 6), stirring up the Lord's remembrancers. Mr M'Cheyne had been one of these.

It was a singular event—often still it looks like a dream—that four ministers should be so suddenly called away from their quiet labours in the towns and villages of Scotland, and be found in a few weeks traversing the land of Israel, with their Bibles in their hand, eye-witnesses of prophecy fulfilled, and spies of the nakedness of Israel's worship and leanness of soul. The details of that journey need not be given here. They have been recorded in the *Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, from the Church of Scotland in* 1839. Three of his letters to his family, describing the most interesting part of his journey, and a few incidents, are here given.

TO HIS SISTER.

"Genoa, *24th April* 1839,
"Hotel de Croix de St Malte

"My Dear Eliza,—This letter is to be addressed to you, as I suppose you will be returned from Dundee by the time this reaches beloved Scotland. My dear people and all of you have been much on my heart during these days, and you may be sure I am anxious to know how the sacrament was conducted in St Peter's—how all my friends were helped in their services—and

if there were marks of good done to perishing souls. Ah, dear Eliza, every step I take, and every new country I see, makes me feel more that there is nothing real, nothing true, but what is everlasting. The whole world lieth in wickedness. Its judgments are fast hastening. The marble palaces, among which I have been wandering to-night, shall soon sink, like a mill-stone, in the waters of God's righteous anger. But he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever. Happy, you and I, dear Eliza, if we have part in Christ, for we shall stand with him in glory when all the world shall sink in ruins. I wrote to Mamma when sailing down the Rhone. I have no doubt you have traced our progress on the map, and have a complete acquaintance with our route.

"In a few hours after finishing that letter we safely reached Avignon in a lovely evening. Avignon is the place where the Popes chose to build their palace; it is a city of palaces—"The arrowy Rhone" is there a splendid stream—broad, deep, and rapid. A ruined bridge of stone half spans the stream. Beautiful spires, and ruined towers, rise above the rocks; and the snowy Alps beyond complete the scene. The whole sail down the Rhone is one of the grandest in the world. We intended to proceed to Marseilles the same night by Diligence, near 70 miles, but could not get places. I entrusted my letter to a gentleman's servant to put in the post, and we agreed to proceed by the same steamer down the Rhone, in hopes of reaching Marseilles by sea early on Sabbath morning. The government packet for Malta was to sail on Sabbath at 5 evening. We sailed in sweet moonlight, and slept at Beaucaire. At 4 in the morning we sailed again to Arles, and then in another steamer still further down the Rhone. We grieved thus to use the Lord's day; but felt it a case of necessity, and tried to make good use of our time. We soon gave tracts to all on board—mostly French, one German, one Italian, one English—all received them anxiously, rich and poor, passengers and sailors. It was my Sacrament day in St Peter's, and my heart was with my flock. It was a lovely sunshine morning.

"About 9 we reached the Mediterranean, when all of a sudden a wind, called *Maestral*, sprung up with great violence. Frenchmen lose all self-possession in a storm; and it was really amusing, if it had not been dangerous, to see how they ran about; one ran for the anchor, another for the cable, another to the helm; all was confusion. In a few minutes we were driven close upon the shore, and were soon safely moored upon the desolate bank. We

all disembarked and spent our Sabbath on the desolate island, the captain not daring to unmoor the ship. About a dozen of fishermen's cabins, with a fig tree in their garden, and a vine over their door, a herd of asses, and a waste of rushes, formed the scenery of the place. The natives speak a mixture of French and Italian, which we could with difficulty understand. They seemed not to know the Sabbath from another day; some we found training their vine before their cottage door. We sat under a bush and read the account of Paul's shipwreck on Melita, Acts xxvii. 28, and on the whole spent a quiet and delightful Sabbath. Our course is entirely in God's hand, so we felt quite resigned to stay there, assured that this delay would in some way turn out for his glory. Mark how often the Apostles were hindered from going to places where they had fixed to go, Acts xvi.; so we wish to be guided. We could not preach to the poor people, or we would have done it, but we sent a tract to every house. The engineer of our boat was an Englishman, and gladly helped us in this. We commended ourselves and all we love to our heavenly Father, and slept on the floor of our cabin very comfortably.

"*Mediterranean, 22d April, Monday.*—The wind had greatly lulled. At 5 we were under weigh on the tideless sea; we sailed along the bleak coast. Soon it became bold and rocky, till Marseilles came in sight, the hills in the background reminding us of 'Scotia's darling seat.' The country around is finely variegated and spotted with white villas. The town is strongly fortified, and we sailed far into its majestic harbour, amidst a forest of masts from every country under heaven, about 8 o'clock morning. We were strictly examined at the Custom House, a most disagreeable part of travelling in this country; I was thankful when we got to our comfortable inn. We called on one of the Protestant ministers, M. Monod, a fine young man. There are 150,000 people in Marseilles—nearly 2000 Protestants—3 pastors, who preach by turns to the same congregation. They have a Sabbath school and day school. They were very dead till two years ago; since then God has given them living pastors, and the work of grace is commencing. We called on the Rabbi of the Jews, and introduced ourselves; he was an intelligent looking Frenchman of 40, exceedingly polite to us. His wife sat in the room. There are 1000 Jews in Marseilles; few learned; few attached to their religion; most devoted to commerce. Dr Black carried on a most interesting discussion with him, in which we

joined as we were able. We went to the Synagogue with him—few were present. One Rabbi read prayers, then another concluded the service; at one time all prayed in silence. I prayed along with them, that God would take the veil away from the heart of Israel. Called same evening on Mr Hayes, a nice English gentleman, who gave us much information; two of the pastors were present; we stirred them up in the cause of Israel. I forgot to mention that the government packet had sailed, and we agreed to go by the boat of to-morrow, which goes to Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia. Marseilles is entirely a business town, yet a pleasant place; the air is truly delightful, very hot at mid-day, but pleasant morning and evening. The houses are very tall, the streets more regular than other French towns; one street has the ambitious name of Rue de Paradis. Alas, I fear there are few that tread the narrow way here; yet I remember Elijah and Martin Booz, and am thankful.

"*Marseilles, 23d April.*—On board the *Sully* at 11. Fine steamer—people of all nations on board, Italian, English, French, Flemish, Swiss, German. Hot, hot sun, and a cloudless sky. Andrew and I got a delightful cabin on the deck to ourselves. We sailed out of the harbour, and through the rocky islets that are in front of Marseilles. We coasted along; the precipitous banks are high, bold, verdureless; a whitish rock, a deep blue sea below. To the south without any bound to the eye. We began the reading of Italian with some spirit; thought of Paul's determination, Rom. i. 15, and prayed it might be ours. We must now lose ten days before proceeding to Malta, and we have resolved on spending them in inquiring after the Jews of Italy. We would rather have been on our way to Palestine, as the hot weather is setting in; but God himself has shut us up to this course, and we hope He will bless us in it. We passed Toulon, the bay of the French navy, the place where Napoleon first pointed his cannon. The town lies low on the beach, as most Italian towns do; bare rocky hills form the background, with a circular olive valley down to the town. In the evening we passed the pleasant Islands of Hyères, resorted to by invalids on account of their delightful climate. Dr Keith pointed out to us the place he was sent to for his health, where the month of January was quite delightful. It is a lovely land, but gross darkness covers the people. The sun set sweetly behind the hills of Provence,—we thought upon the martyrs of the Alps, and on Felix Neff. The

moon shone most beautifully, bringing silvery smiles out of the dark waves of the Mediterranean. The sea is perfectly calm like a lake, and I find my health always improved on the water; my palpitation then entirely ceases; the bustling haunts of men bring it back. We had evening prayer in our cabin, and soon after committed ourselves to repose.

"24*th April, Wednesday.*—Awoke on the coast of Italy. Alps descending steeply into the sea; many a sweet valley revealing itself. Strange hanging villages, with their graceful churches, often appear on the brow of the hill, oftener on the shore; the number of towns and villages is incredible, and there is never one without a spire. The papists know the true principle of church extension. To provoke a smile, I have a good mind to describe our breakfast, dear Eliza, but I believe it would be impossible. It begins with different kinds of fish, then eggs dressed in various ways, then mutton, beef, chickens, messes without a name, young peas and potatoes of this year, oranges, figs, nuts, and fruits of all kinds; the only beverage was wine. How happy I shall be to get back to plain fare again. Oh for a cup of tea! I thought within myself. At 1, we entered the glorious Bay of Genoa, or rather Genova, for now we must speak Italian—*O bianche palazzo di Genova!* Such a glorious sight I never saw before. You remember the town beside Dunolly. I forget its name.* Imagine it spread out into a circular bay of many leagues, and instead of a row of humble houses, imagine huge piles of marble buildings rising above one another, handsome spires, fantastic columns, and noble mountains behind, all green with olives, and all the heights spotted over with white marble villas; the bay filled with water of the deepest blue, and an Italian sky above, and you see Genoa. We were carried ashore in a swift boat under a pleasant awning, and tried our Italian upon the sailors. We asked for the British Consul. '*O Sapiamo —Sapiamo!*' they cried. The narrowness of the streets strikes me much. In the older streets carriages could not go. In the *Strada nuova* there is just room for two to pass. They are very cool and shady, like Benares. Most of the houses have piazzas, and entrances, and staircases of pure white marble—many houses are entirely marble. In the moonlight they look inexpressibly soft and beautiful; some houses are of red plaster, some with paintings on the outside, which give too showy a look for my humble taste.

* Oban.

The white veil worn by all the women is most beautiful; it covers the back part of the head and the shoulders, and comes over the breast; some wear it of bright variegated colours. The number of priests is very remarkable—they swarm. There are from 90,000 to 100,000 inhabitants; 30 English, 150 Swiss, 250 Jews. We called on the Consul, who was very kind, and on the Swiss minister. We call on the Jews to-morrow, and sail in the evening for Leghorn. May the Lord go with us! We care little for sights if we cannot do any thing in our great mission. At Leghorn there are 24,000 Jews. We hope to see Rome and the Jews there this week, and be back to Civita Vecchia in time for the Malta steamer. The steamer we are in goes only to Naples. Our hearts groan for this land of darkness. You cannot form any idea of it. We dared not bring a single tract with us into Genoa; we would have been put in prison immediately, and all our books burned. If a Catholic were converted, and wanted to join the Protestant worship, they dare not receive him. And yet the people are gay and smiling. Poor careless Italians! they sit still and are at ease. Leghorn is a free port, and we hope great things may be done there; the engineer of the *Sully* is a nice Irishman, and has agreed to receive tracts and distribute them to all the passengers going from or into Italy. By a wonderful providence, all engineers are British, and Protestants; we have contrived to interest them a good deal in the great cause. I must now close, as it is midnight. I am mercifully preserved in health, as are all my companions. Andrew is sometimes a little sick at sea, but it soon wears off. Dr Keith hurt his foot in Paris, which troubles him a little. Dr Black is indefatigable, and stands all his fatigues wonderfully. I do trust you are all well, and that I shall hear from you soon. *Poste restante Alexandria*, I fear, will be too late unless you have sent. Let Andrew's friends know. Commend me to Dr Russell and lady. The spy-glass is in constant use; and Andrew sometimes steers by the compass. Commend me to Mr Candlish and all that inquire for me. May you and I be kept abiding in the Beloved to the end—nothing else is worth possessing. Your affectionate brother,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

"I fear Mamma will not find all the domestic particulars she would like in my letters. My clothes have answered well hitherto. I shall certainly adopt the native costume if we find

it very hot. I miss my quiet cup of tea, and supper of oatmeal, most of all. We are getting burned in the complexion a good deal. We read the 17th of Revelation to-night: I never saw it so full of meaning before. Oh the blessing of a pure preached gospel, of a simple faith in *Jehovah Tzidkenu!* We met some monks to-night, with their bare heads and brown garments. Love to Willie; kind regards to Moody; I hope they do not forget us; it is a hard enterprise, and we need divine grace and strength every hour. *Vale, vale, o mia sorella!* The very children here speak Italian!"

TO HIS MOTHER.

"ALEXANDRIA IN SIGHT, 18*th May* 1839.
"8 o'clock, P.M.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I begin a letter to you while the prow of our vessel is pointing to the far-extended city of Alexandria. My thermometer is now 74° in the shade, and rather hotter in the cabin, so that we have something of the heat of our Scottish summer. I wrote my father last from Malta—the letter was to go through France. I hope it is now on its way, and may reach you in a few days. Malta is a singularly interesting spot, and I was sorry we had so little time to see it and its inhabitants. After writing you, Andrew and I rode out of Valetta in a calesh or covered car, the driver running by the side of it the whole way, We went 4 or 5 miles to call on Dr Peebles's friend. The roads are in some places singularly steep. The bays, formed by the sea, are clear, calm, and beautiful. Barley was ripening; and the evening sky had a tinge of purple and yellow which I never saw before.

"7*th May*.—We left Malta this morning at 7. I began to think of Major Donald's story of the Highland serjeant, in the West Indies, saluting his officer every morning with, "Anither het day, your honour." It is too true in these latitudes. We are now within quarantine, and therefore needed two small boats in getting on board the steamer, that the boatmen may not catch the infection. For your consolation, mamma, we are told that the east was never so free from the plague as it is now. Read the 91st Psalm, and be sure that our heavenly Father will do with us what is best. The Malta steamer was a French one, but not the same we came in. They keep up great style. The sea was as calm as a Highland lake; you never saw any thing so magnificent. We

soon left Malta far behind, and when it disappeared, we could look round and round upon a complete circle of bright blue sea, as still and calm as the sea of Galilee when Jesus hushed it to rest. We had several of our old friends on board with us. The Arabic priests had left us at Civita Vecchia to go to Rome; this I was sorry for, as one of them got very intimate with me, as intimate as our limited knowledge of language would admit. He took me aside once to ask me gravely if I had a wife. I told him no, but that I was freely allowed to marry. He told me he was a Monaco, and was not allowed to marry. I told him the Bible said otherwise. The Tripoli bishop could not comprehend how we were all the bishops we have in our country; he measured me over and over with his eye, and asked my age. He accepted an Italian New Testament. We lost also our nuns, and most of our monks; still our Greek friend accompanied us, one American, and several French gentlemen. The calm sea rendered all very pleasant, and gave us a fine opportunity to study our books. The Greek taught us to read Greek in the modern way, and sang us many of their patriotic songs.

"10*th May*.—This morning we came in sight of Cape Gallo, the first cape of the Morea. We crossed the Gulf of Coron, and when I came up we were opposite Cape Matapan. You may be sure we looked with deepest interest upon the hills of Greece, and stirred up all our classic remembrances. The Greek was quite enthusiastic in praise of his native land. Eternal snow was resting on some of its summits. We crossed the Gulf of Laconia, and thought of Spartan glory. We passed between Cythera and Cape Maléa, with its high rude mountains. Through my glass I descried several hanging villages with terraced fields and gardens running up the sides of the bleak mountains. Leaving Cythera and the Morea far behind, we sailed north-east till Spezzia and Hydra appeared in view far to the north—the one like North Berwick Law, the other like the Bass. We came towards Melos and Antimelos, and looking back saw the sun go down gloriously over Falconera, a small rocky islet. The Ægean sea was so called from the Greek word, signifying a goat, because the islands start up just like goats on every hand. The islands are also called Cyclades, being all in a circle or heap. It was a calm and lovely sea below, and a glorious spotted sky above. When we rested for the night, Seriphos was just coming in sight.

"*Syra*, 11*th May*.—At 2 in the morning we anchored in the

bay of Syra, a beautiful island and Greek town. We were rowed ashore by a fierce-looking Greek in his wide trousers and red cap. We breakfasted in the inn, or rather, as it was expressed on the sign, ξενοπανδοχειον. We were treated with Grecian honey. After breakfast we wandered through the bazaar; the shops are all open, no window but all door. We were heartily stared at, and often laughed at; indeed you cannot imagine anything more ridiculous that our Frank dress, compared with the beautiful attire of the meanest Greek. There is something elegant about the whole cast of their dress. The soldiers' dress is very like that of our Highlanders, only the kilt is beautiful white cotton. We looked through three shops with books, and were glad to find the Greek Bible for sale, counterbalanced by two of Sir Walter's novels. We visited the school maintained here by the Church of England Missionary Society—an admirable institution; 600 Greek children, boys and girls, all busy, some reading Xenophon in old Greek, and translating it into modern; the Bible read every day. Such fine-eyed children you never saw. We afterwards called for the missionary, a German, Mr Hildner; he and his wife and three children, and a Miss Wilcox, received us kindly. We were sorry that we could stay but a short time. At 12 we embarked in another French steamer for Alexandria.

"Leaving Syra we sailed south-east, among the beautiful islands famed in Homer's song. If you follow us on the map you will have some idea of the scene; it reminds me exactly of sailing among our own Western Islands. At one time I counted twelve islands all in sight: Syra; Eubœa far in the distance; Andros nearer; still nearer Delos, Apollo's island; and Mycone; far in the east, Icaria; then, in front of us, Naxos with its snow-white town; Paros and Antiparos, where the finest white marble used to be found; Xiphos, and two others behind, towards the west. We gazed and gazed, between Icaria and Naxos, to see if our eye could reach Patmos, where John was so highly favoured of God. We were within sight of it, and often thought we did see it, but whether or no we could not settle. It was sweet to be near so blessed a spot. We had four Jews, two Turks, and three Greeks on board, all in eastern costume, and one of the Turks had his wife with him, veiled all but the eyes, with her parasol in one hand and a long hookah in the other, which she smoked on deck. The Jews the first day were very friendly; they too were going to Jerusalem for the first time. 'We are

brethren,' said Andrew in Hebrew, 'as Jacob and Laban,' They all smiled assent. *Noi quattro e voi quattro.* We shewed them our Hebrew books, and many pictures of Jewish antiquities, with which they were highly entertained. One picture of Paul preaching in chains, they could not comprehend. Andrew read the account of it in the Italian New Testament, and they listened with all gravity. If you look at Acts xxii. 1–22, you will see how appropriate the passage was. It would have amused you to have seen the deputation all squatting, after the eastern method, on the deck, opposite to the four Jews; the Greeks and others looking on. We sailed between Naxos and Paros, and then night came down.

"*Crete*, 12*th May*.—The Sabbath. We got up early to see Crete. We sailed down the one end of it; passed Salmone, pointing directly for Alexandria. Ida, in the centre of the island, towered high, clothed with snow. We read and thought of Paul, Acts xxvii., and read over the Epistle to Titus with no small interest. The sea was very rough all this day—a clear sky and bright sun above. All along I have been mercifully preserved in rough weather. I have never felt sick—and always better than on shore. I was the only labourer among the Jews this day. Read over Zech. xii. and Jer. xxiii. with them. We had also a curious conversation with the doctor of the ship, a young Frenchman. I gave him my French Bible before leaving. We are not sure whether this be the communion Sabbath in Edinburgh. Grace be with you all.

"*Alexandria*, 13*th May*.—Smoother and smoother as we approach Africa. At 2 o'clock we descried the ships of war in the Roads of Alexandria. At 4 we cast anchor among them—12 ships of the line, all completely furnished for war. The white costume of the marines, contrasted with their brown legs and faces, their red belts and glancing muskets, gave a terrific effect to these floating batteries. We are told that there is no fear of war; the accounts from Constantinople are much more pacific. The Pacha is determined to carry all before him; and no doubt is entertained, that if it should really come to war, he will carry his arms to the walls of Constantinople, or Stamboul, as they call it here. You cannot imagine the landing at Alexandria; it baffles all description—boys with donkeys, men with camels, wild-looking porters, Greeks and Turks, all roaring in sonorous Arabic, all eager to be at ourselves and our luggage. By the help of Mr

Waghorn's agent, who laid about him with his stick, we got our luggage on human backs and ourselves on donkeys, and away we went full gallop through the narrow streets of Alexandria. Women with their faces covered all but the eyes, others carrying their little children astride on their shoulders, fakirs, soldiers, children—all had to rush out of our way; and many a contemplative Turk took his hookah from his mouth to see what strange figures hurried by. We got rest and quiet in our hotel, and read over many of the Bible descriptions of Egypt. The Pacha is in the town. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' One case of plague has occurred this day, so that the city is laid under quarantine. Many of the board of health are convinced that it is not a case of plague; still the quarantine declaration has been made.

"14*th May*.—To-day we called on the consul, Mr Larkins, on Colonel Campbell, the resident, and on several other persons; many are very kind to us. If we leave this by sea for any port in Syria, we must ride quarantine for many days; but the consul has assured us, that if we proceed by land we shall be there before the land quarantine is established. We have therefore been procuring two tents, a carpet each to lie on, and a quilt to wrap ourselves in; we are to have two servants and a great many asses and drivers; and on Thursday morning by the earliest dawn we begin our march through the desert. We ride on donkeys the whole way—fine, gentle, sure-footed creatures they are. We are told that it is not nearly so hot as we imagine it to be. The hours of march are from 4 to 10 A.M., and 6 to 10 evening. The route is first to Rosetta by land, one day's journey, then straight on to Damietta, crossing Lake Menzaleh; we proceed to El Arish, and enter Syria by Gaza and Hebron. We cast all our care upon Him who careth for us. Not the slightest danger is apprehended on the road, and it is constantly travelled. I have a good hope that the exercise will be highly beneficial to me. I find constant repose does not do me good. We expect to be at Damietta in three days, at Jerusalem in ten days, more or less; only we shall take time. We are all well; thus far God has done great things for us, and he is faithful who will preserve us from all true evil. Mr and Mrs Freemantle travelled in the desert many days, and lived under tent for months. An English clergyman and his lady have just returned from doing the same. I know you will be anxious, my dear mother, but you must just

be still, and know that God is God. I had some palpitations last night again, owing to my drinking pure green tea by mistake, which kept me from sleeping; but to-day it is better again. We sleep below musquito curtains, not a very agreeable prison-house. We have been inquiring after the Jews of Alexandria and Cairo. We are very sorry that we cannot visit Cairo, the capital of this wonderful country. However, our way seems clearly pointed out by our heavenly Guide—our pillar cloud. Still we have heard nothing from home, publicly or privately. I must just commit you all to Him who is never one moment absent from you. We find it difficult to keep up a constant course of reading and study; still it is very needful, even to make our journey interesting, much more to make it profitable. Lord Lindsay's dragoman has been offering himself, but he cannot speak English. This is the Assembly week; we shall be in the desert the day the Assembly meets. Our hearts tremble for the ark of God; may He that dwells between the Cherubim shine forth upon them! My bed for the desert will make a capital rug when I get home. We have got nice pillows also, which Jacob had not when he slept at Bethel. May God appear to us as he did to him. Remember me most kindly to all dear friends. I often think on the Monday evenings, that we will not be forgotten in Mr Moody's session-room; and on the Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and Sabbaths, that we will be remembered by my own dear flock. All this is a sweet comfort, and lifts up our hands when they hang down. I do trust that our mission is to be the beginning of good things for Israel. The Jews that are in earnest evidently expect the Messiah very soon. There is an unaccountable impression upon them that he will come very soon. Several thousand Jews in Poland have asked leave of the emperor to go to Canaan for two years; and, if Messiah does not come in that time, they promise to become Christians. All this shews that the dry bones are stirred. Good bye. May God watch over you, and fill you with all peace and joy in believing. I am, your affectionate son,

"ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

"15*th May*.—All well."

Arrived at Alexandria in Egypt, and thence proceeding onward to Palestine by the way of the Desert, we found ourselves set down on a new stage of experience. Mr M'Cheyne observed on the silence of the desert places:—"It is a remarkable feeling to be

quite alone in a desert place; it gives similar feelings to fasting; it brings God near. Living in tents, and moving among such lonely scenes for many days, awake many new ideas. It is a strange life we lead in the wilderness. Round and round there is a complete circle of sand and wilderness-shrubs; above, a blue sky without a cloud, and a scorching sun which often made the thermometer stand at 96° in our tents. When evening came, the sun went down as it does in the ocean, and the stars came riding forth in their glory; and we used to pitch all alone, with none but our poor ignorant Bedouins, and their camels, and our all-knowing, all-loving God beside us. When morning began to dawn, our habitations were taken down. Often we found ourselves shelterless before being fully dressed. What a type of the tent of our body! Ah! how often taken down before the soul is made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." To Mr Bonar of Larbert he writes: "I had no idea that travelling in the wilderness was so dreadful a thing as it is. The loneliness I often felt quite solemnized me. The burning sun over head—round and round a circle of barren sand, chequered only by a few prickly shrubs ('the heath of the wilderness,' of which Jeremiah speaks)—no rain, not a cloud, the wells often like that of Marah, and far between. I now understand well the murmurings of Israel. I feel that our journey proved and tried my own heart very much."

Many a time in these days, when our attendants in the evening were driving in the stakes of our tent and stretching its cords, he would lie down on the ground under some tree that sheltered him from the dew. Completely exhausted by the long day's ride, he would lie almost speechless for half an hour; and then, when the palpitation of his heart had a little abated, would propose that we two should pray together. Often, too, did he say to me, when thus stretched on the ground—not impatiently, but very earnestly —"Shall I ever preach to my people again?" I was often reproved by his unabated attention to personal holiness; for this care was never absent from his mind, whether he was at home in his quiet chamber, or on the sea, or in the desert. Holiness in him was manifested, not by efforts to perform duty, but in a way so natural, that you recognised therein the easy outflowing of the indwelling Spirit. The fountain springing up unto everlasting life (John iv. 14) in his soul, welled forth its living waters alike in the familiar scenes of his native Scotland, and under the olive-

trees of Palestine. Prayer and meditation on the Word were never forgotten; and a peace that the world could not give kept his heart and mind. When we were detained a day at Gaza, in very tantalising circumstances, his remark was, "*Jehovah Jireh* (Gen. xxii. 14); we are at that mount again." It was sweet at any time to be with him, for both nature and grace in him drew the very heart; but there were moments of enjoyment in these regions of Palestine that drew every cord still closer, and created unknown sympathies. Such was that evening when we climbed Samson's Hill together. Sitting there, we read over the references to the place in the Word of God; and then he took out his pencil and sketched the scene, as the sun was sinking in the West. This done, we sang some verses of a psalm, appropriate to the spot, offered up prayer, and, slowly descending, conversed of all we saw, and of all that was brought to mind by the scenery around us, till we reached our tent.

In approaching Jerusalem, we came up the Pass of Latroon. He writes: "The last day's journey to Jerusalem was the finest I ever had in all my life. For four hours we were ascending the rocky pass upon our patient camels. It was like the finest of our Highland scenes, only the trees and flowers, and the voice of the turtle, told us that it was Immanuel's land." Riding along, he remarked, that to have seen the Plain of Judea and this mountain-pass, was enough to reward us for all our fatigue; and then began to call up passages of the Old Testament Scriptures which might seem to refer to such scenery as that before us.

"I have often thought of the truth of your remark. But if there is a place on earth where physical scenery can help us to discover divine things, I think it is Mount Olivet. Gethsemane at your feet leads your soul to meditate on Christ's love and determination to undergo divine wrath for us. The cup was set before Him there, and there He said, 'Shall I not drink it?' The spot where He wept makes you think of His divine compassion, mingling with His human tenderness—His awful justice, that would not spare the city—His superhuman love, that wept over its coming misery! Turning the other way, and looking to the south-east, you see Bethany, reminding you of His love to His own—that His name is love—that in all our afflictions He is afflicted—that those who are in their graves shall one day come forth at His command. A little farther down you see the Dead Sea, stretching far among the mountains its still and sullen waters. This deepens

and solemnises all, and makes you go away, saying, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'" Heb. ii. 3.

One evening, after our visit to Sychar, he referred to the Bible which I had dropped into Jacob's Well. We were then resting from our journey in our tents. Soon after he penned on a leaf of his note-book the following fragment:—

My own loved Bible, must I part from thee,
Companion of my toils by land and sea;
Man of my counsels, soother of distress,
Guide of my steps through this world's wilderness!
In darkest nights, a lantern to my feet;
In gladsome days, as dropping honey sweet.
When first I parted from my quiet home,
At thy command, for Israel's good to roam,
Thy gentle voice said, 'For Jerusalem pray,
So shall Jehovah prosper all thy way.'
When through the lonely wilderness we strayed,
Sighing in vain for palm-trees' cooling shade,
Thy words of comfort hushed each rising fear.
'The shadow of thy mighty Rock is near.'
And when we pitched our tents on Judah's hills,
Or thoughtful mused beside Siloa's rills;
Whene'er we climbed Mount Olivet, to gaze
Upon the sea, where stood in ancient days
The heaven-struck Sodom——
Sweet record of the past, to faith's glad eyes,
Sweet promiser of glories yet to rise!*

At the foot of Carmel, during the seven days we were in quarantine under the brow of the hill, we had time to recall many former scenes; and in these circumstances he wrote the hymn, *The Fountain of Siloam*.

Here, too, he had leasure to write home; and most graphically does he describe our journey from Alexandria onward.

"CARMEL, *June* 26. 1839.

"MY DEAR FATHER, MOTHER, &c.—It is a long time since I have been able to write to you—this being the first time since leaving Egypt that any one has appeared to carry letters for us. I must, therefore, begin by telling you that, by the good hand of

* It is a somewhat curious occurrence, that the remnants of this Bible were found, and drawn up from the bottom of the well, in July 1843, by Dr Wilson, and his fellow-traveller, who employed a Samaritan from Sychar to descend and examine the well.

our God upon me, I am in excellent health, and have been ever since I wrote you last. Fatigues we have had many, and much greater than I anticipated; hardships and dangers we have also encountered, but God has brought us all safely through and in fully better condition than when we began. You must not imagine that I have altogether lost the palpitation of my heart, for it often visits me to humble and prove me; still I believe it is a good deal better than it was, and its visits are not nearly so frequent. I hope very much, that in a cold bracing climate, and with less fatigue, I may, perhaps, not feel it at all. I was very thankful to receive your letter, dated 8th May—the first since leaving home. I was delighted to hear of your health and safety, and of the peaceful communion at St Peter's. The public news was alarming and humbling.* I suppose I had better begin at the beginning, and go over all our journeyings from the land of Egypt through the howling wilderness, to this sweet land of promise. I would have written *journalwise* (as my mother would say) from time to time, so that I might have had an interesting budget of news ready; but you must remember it is a more fatiguing thing to ride twelve or fourteen hours on a camel's back, in a sandy wilderness, than in our home excursions; and I could often do nothing more than lie down on my rug and fall asleep.

"We left Alexandria on 16th May 1839, parting from many kind friends in that strange city. We and our baggage were mounted on seventeen donkeys, like the sons of Jacob, when they carried corn out of Egypt. Our saddle was our bedding, viz., a rug to lie on, a pillow for the head, and a quilt to wrap ourselves in. We afterwards added a straw mat to put below all. We had procured two tents—one large, and a smaller one which Andrew and I occupy. The donkeys are nice nimble little animals, going about five miles an hour; a wild Arab accompanies each donkey. We have our two Arab servants, to whom I now introduce you—Ibrahim, a handsome small-made Egyptian, and Achmet the cook, a dark good-natured fellow, with a white turban and bare black legs. Ibrahim speaks a little English and Italian, and Achmet, Italian—in addition to their native Arabic. I soon made friends with our Arab donkey-men, learning Arabic words and phrases from them, which pleased them greatly. We journeyed

* He alludes here to the decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case.

by the Bay of Aboukir, close by the sea, which tempered the air of the desert. At night we reached Rosetta, a curious half-inhabited eastern town. We saw an eastern marriage, which highly pleased us, illustrating the parables. It was by torch-light. We slept in a convent.

"17.—Spent morning in Rosetta: gave the monk a New Testament. Saw some of Egyptian misery in the bazaar. Saw the people praying in the mosque, Friday being the Moslem's day of devotion. In the evening we crossed the Nile in small boats. It is a fine river; and its water, when filtered, is sweet and pleasant. We often thought upon it in the desert. We slept that night on the sand in our tents, by the sea-shore.

"18.—In six hours we came to Bourlos (you will see it in the map of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge): were ferried across. Watched the fishermen casting their nets into the sea: hot—hot. In two hours more through a palmy wilderness, we came to Balteen—'the Vale of Figs'—an Arab village of mud huts. You little know what an Arab house is. In general, in Egypt, it is an exact square box made of mud, with a low hole for a door. The furniture is a mat and cooking things; an oven made of mud.

"19.—Spent our Sabbath unoccupied in midst of the village; the poor Arabs have no Sabbath. The thermometer 84° in tent. The governor called in the evening, and drank a cup of tea with great relish. The heat we felt much all day; still it was sweet to rest and remember you all in the wilderness.

"20.—At twelve at night, left Balteen by beautiful moonlight. Proceeded through a pleasant African wild of palms and brush-wood, we reached the sea in two hours, and rode along, its waves washing our feet—very sleepy. We got a rest at mid-day, if rest it could be called, under that scorching sun, which I never will forget. Proceeding onward, at three o'clock we left the sea-shore, and perceived the minarets of Damietta. Before us the mirage cheated us often when we were very thirsty. We crossed the Nile again, a much smaller branch—the only remaining one—and soon found ourselves comfortably reclining on the divan of the British Consul, an Egyptian gentleman of some fortune and manners. He entertained us at supper in true Egyptian style; provided a room for us, where we spread our mats in peace. We spent the whole of the next day here, having sent off a Bedouin to have camels ready for us at San. The Consul entertained us

in the same Egyptian style of hospitality, and sent us away the next day on board of a barge upon Lake Menzaleh.

"22.—Even E—— would not have been afraid to sail upon that lake. It is nowhere more than ten feet deep, and in general only four or five. We made an awning with our mats, and spent a very happy day. At evening we entered a canal among immense reeds. In moonlight the scene was truly romantic: we slept moored to the shore all night. Next morning (23) we reached San about ten. This evening and next morning we spent in exploring the ruins of the ancient Zoan, for this we find is the very spot.

"Wandering alone, we were quite surprised to find great mounds of brick, and pottery, and vitrified stones. Andrew at last came upon beautiful obelisks. Next morning we examined all carefully, and found two sphinxes and many Egyptian obelisks. How wonderful to be treading over the ruins of the ancient capital of Egypt! Isaiah xix. 12, 'Where are the Princes of Zoan?' Ezek. xxx. 14, 'God has set fire in Zoan.' This is the very place where Joseph was sold as a slave, and where Moses did his wonders, Psalm lxxviii. 43. This was almost the only place where we have been in danger from the inhabitants. They are a wild race; and our Arabs were afraid of them. You would have been afraid too, if you had seen, out of the door of our tent, our Bedouins keeping watch all night with their naked sabres gleaming in the moonlight, firing off their guns now and then, and keeping up a low chaunt to keep one another awake. No evil happened to us, and we feel that many pray for us, and that God is with us.

"24.—This day our journeyings on camels commenced, and continued till we came to Jerusalem. It is a strange mode of conveyance. You have seen a camel kneeling; it is in this condition that you mount; suddenly it rises first on its fore feet, and then on its hind feet. It requires great skill to hold yourself on during this operation; one time I was thrown fair over its head, but quite unhurt. When you find yourself exalted on the hunch of a camel, it is somewhat of the feeling of an aëronaut, as if you were bidding farewell to sublunary things; but when he begins to move, with solemn pace and slow, you are reminded of your terrestrial origin, and that a wrong balance or turn to the side will soon bring you down from your giddy height. You have no stirrup, and generally only your bed for your saddle; you may

either sit as on horseback, or as on a side-saddle—the latter is the pleasanter, though not the safer of the two. The camel goes about three miles an hour, and the step is so long that the motion is quite peculiar. You bend your head towards your knees every step. With a vertical sun above and a burning sand below, you may believe it is a very fatiguing mode of journeying. However, we thought of Rebecca and Abraham's servant (Gen. xxiv.), and listened with delight to the wild Bedouin's plaintive song. That night (24) we slept at Menagie, a Bedouin mud village—palm trees and three wells, and an ocean of sand formed the only objects of interest.

"25.—Up by sunrise, and proceeded as before. The only event this day was Dr Black's fall from his camel, which greatly alarmed us. He had fallen asleep, which you are very apt to do; we encamped and used every restorative, so that we were able to proceed the same evening to Gonatre, a miserable Arab post, having a governor; not a tree.

"26.—The Sabbath dawned sweetly; thermometer 92° in tent; could only lie on the mat and read Psalms. Evening.—Gathered governor and Bedouins to hear some words of eternal life, Ibrahim interpreting.

"27.—Two very long stages brought us to Katieh; thankful to God for His goodness while we pitched by the date trees.

"28.—Spent the day at Katieh; interesting interviews with the governor, a kind Arab; thermometer 96° in tent. Same evening, proceeded through a greener desert, among flocks of goats and sheep, and encamped by a well, Bir-el-Abd.

"29.—Another hot day in the desert; came in sight of the sea, which gave us a refreshing breeze; bathed in the salt lake as hot as a warm-bath. Evening.—Encampment at Abugilbany.

"30.—This was our last day in the Egyptian wilderness. We entered on a much more mountainous region. The heat very great; we literally panted for a breath of wind. The Bedouins begged handkerchiefs to cover their heads, and often cast themselves under a bush for shade. Towards sunset, we came down on the old ruins of Rhinoculura, now buried in the sand; and soon after our camels kneeled down at the gates of El Arish, the last town on the Egyptian frontier.

"31.—We spent in El Arish, being unable to get fresh camels. We bought a sheep for five shillings; drank freely of their delightful water.—What a blessing after the desert! Found out the

river of Egypt, the boundary of Judah mentioned in the Bible, quite dry.

"*June* 1.—Visited the school, a curiosity, all the children sit cross-legged on the floor, rocking to and fro, repeating something in Arabic. We had a curious interview with the governor sitting in the gate in the ancient manner. We are quite expert now at taking off our shoes and sitting in the Eastern mode. Smoking, and coffee in very small cups, are the constant accompaniments of these visits. Left the same evening, and did not reach Sheikh Juidhe, in the land of the Philistines, till the sun was nearly bursting into view.

"2.—Spent a happy Sābbath here: sung 'In Judah's land God is well known,' Ps. lxxvi. 1. Singing praises in our tents is very sweet, they are so frail, like our mortal bodies; they rise easily into the ears of our present Father. Our journey through the land of the Philistines was truly pleasant.

"3.—We went through a fine pasture country; immense straths; flocks of sheep and goats, and asses and camels, often came in sight. This is the very way up out of Egypt, little changed from the day that the Ethiopian went on his way rejoicing, and Joseph and Mary carried down the babe from the anger of Herod. Little changed! did I say? it is all changed; no more is there one brook of water. Every river of Egypt—Wady, Gaza, Eshcol, Sorek—every brook we crossed, was dried up, not a drop of water. The land is changed; no more is it the rich land of Philistia. The sand struggles with the grass for mastery. The cities are changed—where are they? The people are changed—no more the bold Philistines—no more the children of Simeon—no more Isaac and his herdsmen—no more David and his horsemen; but miserable Arab shepherds—simple people, without ideas—poor, degraded, fearful. Khanounes was the first town we entered—Scripture name unkuown. The burying-ground outside the town. The well, and people coming to draw, were objects of great interest to us. The people were highly entertained with us in return. We sat down in the Bazaar, and were a spectacle to all. How much we longed to have the Arabic tongue, that we might preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in God's own land. Same evening we heard the cry of the wolf, and encamped two miles from Gaza. The plague was raging, so we did not enter, but spent a delightful day in comparing its condition with God's word concerning it—'Baldness is come upon Gaza.' The old

city is buried under sand hills, without a blade of grass, so that it is bald indeed. The herds and flocks are innumerable, fulfilling Zeph. ii.; Andrew and I climbed the hill up which Samson carried the gates.

"5.—Passed through a fine olive grove for many miles, and entered the vale of Eshcol. The people were all in the fields cutting and bringing in their barley. They reap with the hook as we do. They seem to carry in at the same time upon camels. No vines in Eshcol now—no pomegranates; but some green fig-trees. Crossed the brook Sorek—dry. Spent the mid-day under the embowering shade of a fig-tree; tasted the apricots of the good land. Same evening we came to Doulis, which we take to be Eshtaol, where Samson was born.

"6.—We went due east, and, after a mountain pass, saw the hills of Judah—an immense plain intervening, all studded with little towns. From their names, we found out many Bible spots. This valley or plain is the very vale of Zephatha, of which you read in 2 Chron. xiv.—'In the plain of Sephela.' Before night we entered among the hills of Judah—very like our own Highlands—and slept all night among the mountains, at a deserted village called Latroon.

"7.—One of the most privileged days of our life. We broke up our tents by moonlight; soon the sun was up; we entered a defile of the most romantic character; wild rocks and verdant hills,—wild flowers of every colour and fragrance scented our path. Sometimes we came upon a clump of beautiful olive trees, then wild again. The turtle's voice was heard in the land, and singing birds of sweetest note. Our camels carried us up this pass for four hours; and our turbaned Bedouins added by their strange figures to the scene. The terracing of all the hills is the most remarkable feature of Judean scenery. Every foot of the rockiest mountains may, in this way, be covered with vines. We thought of Isaiah wandering here, and David and Solomon. Still all was wilderness. The hand of man had been actively employed upon every mountain, but where were these labourers now? Judah is gone into captivity before the enemy. There are few men left in the land; not a vine is there. 'The vine languisheth.' We came down upon Garieh, a village embosomed in figs and pomegranates. Ascending again, we came down into the valley of Elah, where David slew Goliath. Another long and steep ascent of a most rugged hill, brought us into a strange scene—a desert.

of sunburnt rocks. I had read of this, and knew that Jerusalem was near. I left my camel and went before, hurrying over the burning rocks. In about half an hour Jerusalem came in sight. 'How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!' (Lam. i. 1.) Is this the perfection of beauty? 'How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in His anger!' It is, indeed, very desolate. Read the two first chapters of Lamentations, and you have a vivid picture of our first sight of Jerusalem. We lighted off our camels within the Jaffa gate. Among those that crowded round us, we observed several Jews. I think I had better not attempt to tell you about Jerusalem. There is so much to describe, and I know not where to begin. The Consul, Mr Young, received us most kindly, provided us a house where we might spread our mats, and helped us in every way. Mr Nicolayson called the same evening, and insisted on our occupying one of the mission-houses on Mount Zion. The plague is still in Jerusalem, so that we must keep ourselves in quarantine. The plague only communicates by contact, so that we are not allowed to touch any one, or let any one touch us. Every night we heard the mourners going about the streets with their dismal wailings for the dead. On Sabbath Mr Nicolayson read the prayers, and Dr Black preached from Isaiah ii. 2. Dr Keith in the evening. Three converted Jews were among the hearers.

"On Monday (10) we visited the Sepulchre, and a painful sight it was, where we can find no traces of Calvary. Same evening rode up to the Mount of Olives: past Gethsemane, a most touching spot. Visited Sir Moses Montefiore, a Jew of London, encamped on Mount Olivet: very kind to us.

"11.—Went round the most of the places to be visited near Jerusalem—Rephaim, Gihon, Siloa's Brook 'that flowed fast by the Oracle of God;' the Pool of Siloam—the place where Jesus wept over the city; Bethany—of all places my favourite—the tombs of the Kings. Such a day we never spent in this world before. The climate is truly delightful—hot at mid-day, but delightful breezes at morn and even.

"12.—A business day, getting information about Jews. In the evening, walked to Aceldama—a dreadful spot. Zion is ploughed like a field. I gathered some barley, and noticed cauliflowers, planted in rows. See Micah iii. 12. Jerusalem is, indeed, heaps. The quantities of rubbish would amaze you—in one place higher than the walls.

"13.—We went to Hebron, twenty miles south; Mr Nicolayson, his son, the Consul, and ladies accompanying us, all on mules and horses. Judah's cities are all waste. Except Bethlehem, we saw none but ruins till we reached Hebron. The vines are beautifully cultivated here, and make it a Paradise. The hills all terraced to the top. We spent a delightful evening, and all next day. We met the Jews and had an interesting interview with them. We read Genesis xviii., and many other Bible passages with great joy. Saw the mosque where the tomb of Abraham and Sarah is.

"14.—Returned by Bethlehem to Jerusalem. Bethlehem is a sweet village, placed on the top of a rocky hill—very white and dazzling. You see it on both sides of the hill. At Rachel's sepulchre you see Jerusalem on one hand and Bethlehem on the other, an interesting sight—six miles apart. On Sabbath we enjoyed the Lord's Supper in an Upper Chamber in Jerusalem. It was a time much to be remembered. Andrew preached in the evening from John xiv. 2. 3.

"17.—The plague has been increasing, so that we think it better to depart. Last visit to Gethsemane, and Bethany, and Siloam. Evening—Took farewell of all our friends in Jerusalem, with much sorrow you may believe. Went due north to Ramah, by Gibeon, and slept at Beer, again in our tent, in Benjamin.

"19.—Passed Bethel where Jacob slept. Passed through the rich and rocky defile of Ephraim, by Lebonah, to Sychar. You cannot believe what a delightsome land it is. We sought anxiously for the well where Jesus sat. Andrew alone found it, and lost his Bible in it.

"20.—Had a most interesting morning with the Jews of Sychar. Saw many of them; also the Samaritans in their synagogue. Same evening visited Samaria, a wonderful place, and encamped at Sanour.

"21.—Arrived at Carmel, where we now are, encamped within two yards of the sea. We have been in quarantine here seven days, as there is no plague north of this. Several English are encamped here—Lord R., Lord H., &c. We have daily conversations sitting on the sand. We are not allowed to touch even the rope of a tent. Acre is in sight across the bay. We have delightful bathing. To-morrow Lord H. leaves, and kindly offers to take this. Carmel's rocky brow is over us. We are all well

and happy. On Monday we propose leaving for Tiberias and Saphet. Soon we shall be in Beyrout, and on our way to Smyrna. Do not be anxious for me. Trust us to God, who goes with us where we go. I only pray that our mission may be blessed to Israel. Sir Moses M. has arrived, and pitched his tent within fifty yards of us. Kindest regards to all that inquire after me, not forgetting dear W.—Your affectionate son," &c.

From Saphet he writes :—"I sat looking down upon the Lake this morning for about an hour. It was just at our feet—the very water where Jesus walked; where He called His disciples; where He rebuked the storm; where He said, 'Children, have ye any meat?' after He rose from the dead. Jesus is the same still." To his early and familiar friend, Mr Somerville, he thus describes the same view :—"Oh what a view of the Sea of Galilee is before you at your very feet! It is above three hours' descent to the water's edge, and yet it looks as if you could run down in as many minutes. The lake is much larger than I had imagined. It is hemmed in by mountains on every side, sleeping as calmly and softly as if it had been the sea of glass which John saw in heaven. We tried in vain to follow the course of the Jordan running through it. True, there were clear lines, such as you see in the wake of a vessel, but then these did not go straight through the lake. The hills of Bashan are very high and steep, where they run into the lake. At one point a man pointed out to us where the tombs in the rocks are, where the demoniacs used to live; and near it the hills were exactly what the Scriptures describe, 'a steep place,' where the swine ran down into the sea. On the north-east of the sea, Hermon rises very grand, intersected with many ravines full of snow."

At the foot of Lebanon, in the town of Beyrout, he was able to expound a chapter (Acts x.) at a prayer-meeting of the American brethren. This quite rejoiced his heart; for it seemed as if the Lord were restoring him, and meant again to use him in preaching the glad tidings. But shortly after, during the oppressive heat of the afternoon, he felt himself unwell. He had paid a visit to a young man from Glasgow in the town, who was ill of fever; and it is not unlikely that this visit, at the time when he was in a state of debility from previous fatigue, was the immediate occasion of his own illness. He was very soon prostrated under the fever. But his medical attendant apprehended

no danger, and advised him to proceed to Smyrna, in the belief that the cool air of the sea would be much more in his favour than the sultry heat of Beyrout. Accordingly, in company with our faithful Hebrew friend, Erasmus Calman, we embarked: but as we lay off Cyprus, the fever increased to such a height, that he lost his memory for some hours, and was racked with excessive pain in his head. When the vessel sailed, he revived considerably, but during three days no medical aid could be obtained. He scarcely ever spoke; and only once did he for a moment, on a Saturday night, lift his languid eye, as he lay on deck enjoying the breeze, to catch a distant sight of Patmos. We watched him with agonizing anxiety till we reached Smyrna and the village of Bouja. Though three miles off, yet for the sake of medical aid he rode to this village upon a mule after sunset, ready to drop every moment with pain and burning fever. But here the Lord had prepared for him the best and kindest help. The tender and parental care of Mr and Mrs Lewis, in whose house he found a home, was never mentioned by him but with deepest gratitude; and the sight of the flowering jessamine, or the mention of the deep-green cypress, would invariably call up in his mind associations of Bouja and its inmates. He used to say it was his second birthplace.

When we met after an eight days' separation, on board the vessel at Constantinople, he mentioned as one of the most interesting incidents of the week, that one evening, while walking with Mr Lewis, they met a young Greek and his wife, both of whom were believed to be really converted souls. It created a thrill in his bosom to meet with these almost solitary representatives of the once-faithful and much-tried native Church of Smyrna.

Our journey homeward led us through Moldavia, Wallachia, and Austria—lands of darkness and of the shadow of death.

The abominations of Popery witnessed in Austrian Poland, called forth many a prayer for the destruction of the Man of Sin. "The images and idols by the wayside are actually frightful, stamping the whole land as a kingdom of darkness. I do believe that a journey through Austria would go far to cure some of the Popery-admirers of our beloved land." He adds—"These are the marks of the beast upon this land." And in like manner our privileges in Scotland used to appear to him the more precious, when, as at Brody, we heard of Protestants who were supplied with sermon only once a year. "I must tell this to my people,"

said he, "when I return, to make them prize their many seasons of grace."

In Cracow, having heard of the death of a friend, the wife of an English clergyman, in the midst of her days and in the full promise of usefulness, he began to pen a few sweet lines of comfort.

Oft as she taught the little maids of France
To leave the garland, castanet, and dance,
And listen to the words which she would say
About the crowns that never fade away,
A new expression kindled in her eye,
A holy brightness borrowed from the sky.
And when returning to her native land,
She bowed beneath a Father's chastening hand;
When the quick pulse and flush upon the cheek,
A touching warning to her friends would speak,
A holy cheerfulness yet filled her eye,
Willing she was to live, willing to die.
As the good Shunamite (the Scriptures tell),
When her son died, said meekly, "It is well,"
So when Sophia lost her infant boy,
And felt how dear-bought is a mother's joy,
When with green turf the little grave she spread,
"Not lost, but gone before," she said.
And now they sleep together 'neath the willow,
The same dew drops upon their silent pillow.
Return, O mourner, from this double grave,
And praise the God who all her graces gave.
Follow her faith, and let her mantle be
A cloak of holy zeal to cover thee.

In a letter from Berlin, Mr M'Cheyne remarked, "Our heavenly Father has brought us through so many trials and dangers that I feel persuaded He will yet carry us to the end. Like John, we shall fulfil our course. 'Are there not twelve hours in the day?' Are we not all immortal till our work is done?" His strength was rapidly increasing; the journey had answered the ends anticipated to a great extent, in his restoration to health. He was able to preach at Hamburgh to the English congregation of Mr Rheder, from whom it was that the first hint of a revival in Dundee reached his ears. He heard just so much both of Kilsyth and Dundee as to make him long to hear more. A few days after, on board the vessel that conveyed us to England, he thus expressed his feelings:—

"*Sailing up the Thames, Nov.* 6. 1839.

"My dear Father and Mother,—You will be glad to see by the date that we are once more in sight of the shores of happy England. I only wish I knew how you all are. I have not heard of you since I was in Smyrna. In vain did I inquire for letters from you at Cracow, Berlin, and Hamburgh. You must have written to Warsaw, and the resident there has not returned them to Berlin, as we desired. Andrew and I* and Mr Calman are all quite well, and thankful to God, who has brought us through every danger in so many countries. I trust our course has not been altogether fruitless, and that we may now resign our commission with some hope of good issuing from it to the church and to Israel. I preached last Sabbath in Hamburgh, for the first time since leaving England, and felt nothing the worse of it; so that I do hope it is my heavenly Father's will to restore me to usefulness again among my beloved flock. We have heard something of a reviving work at Kilsyth. We saw it noticed in one of the newspapers. I also saw the name of Dundee associated with it; so that I earnestly hope good has been doing in our church, and the dew from on high watering our parishes, and that the flocks whose pastors have been wandering may also have shared in the blessing. We are quite ignorant of the facts, and you may believe we are anxious to hear. . . . We are now passing Woolwich, and in an hour will be in London. We are anxious to be home, but I suppose will not get away till next week. I never thought to have seen you again in this world, but now I hope to meet you once more in peace.—Believe me, your affectionate Son,' &c.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow,
But thou hast loveliness far above
What Nature can bestow.

* Dr Black and Dr Keith had returned home by another route.

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
And palms, in thy soft air,
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding rose
Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah, far more! the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

These days are past—Bethsaida, where?
Chorazin, where art thou?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear?

Ah! would my flock from thee might learn
How days of grace will flee;
How all an offered Christ who spurn,
Shall mourn at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea,
The new-risen Saviour said
Three times to Simon, "Lovest thou Me?
My lambs and sheep, then feed."

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand!
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand
And every fragrant hill.

Oh give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threefold Thy love divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both Thine and mine.

Sea of Galilee, 16*th July* 1839.

CHAPTER IV.

DAYS OF REVIVAL, AND LATTER DAYS OF HIS MINISTRY.

THE day we arrived on the shores of our own land was indeed a singular day. We were intensely anxious to hear of events that had occurred at home a few months before—the outpouring of the Spirit from on high—while our friends were intensely interested in hearing tidings of the land of Israel and the scattered tribes.

Mr M'Cheyne listened with deepest interest to the accounts given of what had taken place in Dundee during the month of August, when he lay at the gates of death in Bouja. The Lord had indeed fulfilled his hopes, and answered his prayers. His assistant, Mr Burns, had been honoured of God to open the flood-gate at Dundee, as well as at Kilsyth. For some time before, Mr Burns had seen symptoms of deeper attention than usual, and of real anxiety in some that had hitherto been careless. But it was after his return from Kilsyth that the people began to melt before the Lord. On Thursday, the second day after his return, at the close of his usual prayer-meeting in St Peter's, and when the minds of many were deeply solemnized by the tidings which had reached them, he spoke a few words about what had for some days detained him from them, and invited those to remain who felt the need of an outpouring of the Spirit to convert them. About a hundred remained; and at the conclusion of a solemn address to these anxious souls, suddenly the power of God seemed to descend, and all were bathed in tears. At a similar meeting, next evening, in the church, there was much melting of heart and intense desire after the beloved of the Father; and on adjourning to the vestry, the arm of the Lord was revealed. No sooner was the vestry-door opened to admit those who might feel anxious to converse, than a vast number pressed in with awful eagerness. It was like a pent-up flood breaking forth; tears were streaming from the eyes of many, and some fell on the ground groaning, and weeping, and crying for mercy. Onward from that evening, meetings were held every day for many weeks; and the extraordinary nature of the work justified and called for extraordinary services. The whole town was moved. Many believers doubted; the ungodly raged; but the word of God grew mightily and pre-

vailed. Instances occurred where whole families were affected at once, and each could be found mourning apart, affording a specimen of the times spoken of by Zechariah (xii. 12). Mr Baxter of Hilltown, Mr Hamilton, then assistant at Abernyte, and other men of God in the vicinity, hastened to aid in the work. Mr Roxburgh of St John's, and Mr Lewis of St David's, examined the work impartially and judiciously, and testified it to be of God. Dr M'Donald of Ferintosh, a man of God well experienced in revivals, came to the spot and put to his seal also; and continued in town, preaching in St David's Church to the anxious multitudes, during ten days. How many of those who were thus awfully awakened were really brought to the truth, it was impossible to ascertain. When Mr M'Cheyne arrived, drop after drop was still falling from the clouds.

Such in substance were the accounts he heard before he reached Dundee. They were such as made his heart rejoice. He had no envy at another instrument having been so honoured in the place where he himself had laboured with many tears and temptations. In true Christian magnanimity, he rejoiced that the work of the Lord was done, by whatever hand. Full of praise and wonder, he set his foot once more on the shore of Dundee.

His people, who had never ceased to pray for him, welcomed his arrival among them with the greatest joy. He reached Dundee on a Thursday afternoon; and in the evening of the same day—being the usual time for prayer in St Peter's—after a short meditation, he hastened to the church, there to render thanks to the Lord, and to speak once more to his flock. The appearance of the church that evening, and the aspect of the people, he never could forget. Many of his brethren were present to welcome him, and to hear the first words of his opened lips. There was not a seat in the church unoccupied, the passages were completely filled, and the stairs up to the pulpit were crowded, on the one side with the aged, on the other with eagerly-listening children. Many a face was seen anxiously gazing on their restored pastor; many were weeping under the unhealed wounds of conviction; all were still and calm, intensely earnest to hear. He gave out Psalm lxvi., and the manner of singing, which had been remarked since the revival began, appeared to him peculiarly sweet—"so tender and affecting, as if the people felt that they were praising a present God." After solemn prayer with them, he was able to preach for above an hour. Not knowing how long

he might be permitted to proclaim the glad tidings, he seized that opportunity, not to tell of his journeyings, but to shew the way of life to sinners. His subject was 1 Cor. ii. 1–4—the matter, the manner, and the accompaniments of Paul's preaching. It was a night to be remembered.

On coming out of the church, he found the road to his house crowded with old and young, who were waiting to welcome him back. He had to shake hands with many at the same time; and before this happy multitude would disperse, had to speak some words of life to them again, and pray with them where they stood. "To Thy name, O Lord," said he that night, when he returned to his home, "To Thy name, O Lord, be all the glory," Ps. cxv. 1. A month afterwards, he was visited by one who had hitherto stood out against all the singular influence of the revival, but who that night was deeply awakened under his words, so that the arrow festered in her soul, till she came crying, "O my hard, hard heart!"

Never, perhaps, was there one placed in better circumstances for testing the Revival impartially, and seldom has any Revival been more fully tested. He came among a people whose previous character he knew; he found a work wrought among them during his absence, in which he had not had any direct share; he returned home to go out and in among them, and to be a close observer of all that had taken place; and, after a faithful and prayerful examination, he did most unhesitatingly say, that the Lord had wrought great things, whereof he was glad; and, in the case of many of those whose souls were saved in that Revival, he discovered remarkable answers to the prayers of himself, and of those who had come to the truth, before he left them. He wrote to me his impressions of the work, when he had been a few weeks among his people.

That many, who promised fair, drew back and walked no more with Jesus is true. Out of about 800 souls, who, during the months of the Revival, conversed with different ministers in apparent anxiety, no wonder surely if many proved to have been impressed only for a time. President Edwards considered it likely that, in such cases, the proportion of real conversions might resemble the proportion of blossoms in spring, and fruit in autumn. Nor can anything be more unreasonable than to doubt the truth of all, because of the deceit of some. The world itself does not so act in judging of its own. The world reckons upon

the possibility of being mistaken in many cases, and yet does not cease to believe that there is honesty and truth to be found. One of themselves, a poet of their own, has said with no less justice than beauty—

> "Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
> And though foul things put on the brows of grace,
> Yet grace must still look so."

But, above all, we have the authority of the word of God, declaring that such backslidings are the very tests of the true Church —"For there must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you," 1 Cor. xi. 19. It is not, however, meant that any who had really believed went back to perdition. On the contrary, it is the creed of every sound evangelical Church, that those who do go back to perdition, were persons who never really believed in Jesus. Their eyes may have been opened to see the dread realities of sin and of the wrath to come, but if they saw not righteousness for their guilty souls in the Saviour, there is nothing in all Scripture to make us expect that they will continue awake. So that the history of backslidings, instead of leading us to doubt the reality of grace in believers, will only be found to teach us two great lessons, viz., the vast importance of pressing immediate salvation on awakened souls, and the reasonableness of standing in doubt of all, however deep their convictions, who have not truly fled to the hope set before them.

The work of the Spirit went on, the stream flowing gently; for the heavy showers had fallen, and the overflowing of the waters had passed by. Mr M'Cheyne became more than ever vigilant and discriminating in dealing with souls. A few notes of his work occur at this period.

"*Dec.* 1.—This evening came a tender Christian, so far as I can see; an exposition of that text, '*I will go softly*,' or of that other, '*Thou shalt not open thy mouth any more.*' A child of shame made one of honour. Her sister was awakened under Mr Baxter's words in St Peter's, of whom he asked, 'Would you like to be holy?' She replied, 'Indeed, I often wish that I were dead, that I might sin no more.'"

"*Dec.* 12.—Felt very feeble all day, as if I could not do any more work in the vineyard. Evening—Felt more of the reality of Immanuel's intercession. The people also were evidently sub-

dued by more than a human testimony. One soul waited, sobbing most piteously. She could give no more account of herself than that she was a sinner, and did not believe that God would be merciful to her. When I shewed how I found mercy, her only answer was—'But you were not sic a sinner as me.'"

"*Jan.* 2.—Visited six families. Was refreshed and solemnized at each of them. Evening—Mr Miller preached delightfully on 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' His account of the Protestants of France was very interesting—the work of God at Nismes, where it is said they are no more fishing with line, but dragging with the nets. Read a letter from Mr Cumming, describing the work at Perth, and entreating the prayers of God's children."

This last reference is to the awakening which took place in St Leonard's Church, Perth, on the last night of the year, when Mr Burns, along with their pastor, Mr Milne, was preaching. Mr B. had intended to return to Dundee for the Sabbath, but was detained by the plain indications of the Lord's presence. At one meeting, the work was so glorious that one night about 150 persons at one time seemed bowed down under a sense of their guilt, and above 200 came next day to the church in the forenoon to converse about their souls. This awakening was the commencement of a solid work of grace, both in that town and its neighbourhood, much fruit of which is to be found there at this day in souls that are walking in the fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost.

"*July* 30.—One lad came to me in great distress, wishing to know if he should confess his little dishonesties to his master." About this time he has noted down, "I was visiting the other day, and came to a locked door. What did this mean? 'Torment me not, torment me not.' Ah, Satan is mighty still,"—referring to Mark v. 7.

"Monday 20.—Mr Grierson preached on, 'Ye are come to Mount Zion' (Heb. xii. 22)—an instructive word. Pleasant walk with H. B. Evening sermon from him to the little children on the 'new heart'—truly delightful. Prayer-meeting after. I began; then old Mr Burns; then Horace, in a very lively manner, on the 'woman of Samaria.' The people were brought into a very tender frame. After the blessing, a multitude remained. One (A. N.) was like a person struck through with a dart; she could neither stand nor go. Many were looking on her with faces

of horror. Others were comforting her in a very kind manner, bidding her look to Jesus. Mr Burns went to the desk and told them of Kilsyth. Still they would not go away. Spoke a few words more to those around me, telling them of the loveliness of Christ, and the hardness of their hearts, that they could be so unmoved when one was so deeply wounded. The sobbing soon spread, till many heads were bent down, and the church was filled with sobbing. Many whom I did not know were now affected. After prayer, we dismissed, near midnight. Many followed us. One, in great agony, prayed that she might find Christ that very night. So ends this blessed season."

To a friend in the ministry who had written to him despondingly about his people and the times, his reply was, "I am sure there never was a time when the Spirit of God was more present in Scotland, and it does not become you to murmur in your tents, but rather to give thanks. Remember, we may grieve the Spirit as truly by not joyfully acknowledging His wonders as by not praying for Him. There is the clearest evidence that God is saving souls in Kilsyth, Dundee, Perth, Collace, Blairgowrie, Strathbogie, Ross-shire, Breadalbane, Kelso, Jedburgh, Ancrum; and surely it becomes us to say, 'I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.' Forgive my presumption; but I fear lest you hurt your own peace and usefulness in not praising God enough for the operation of His hands." To another: "I have told you that you needed trial, and now it is come. May you be exercised thereby, and come to that happy 'afterwards' of which the apostle speaks." To the same again: "Remember the necessity of your own soul, and do not grow slack or lean in feeding others. 'Mine own vineyard have I not kept.' Ah, take heed of that!" And in a similar tone of faithfulness at an after period: "Remember the case of your own soul. 'What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' (Mark viii. 36.) Remember how often Paul appeals to his holy, just, unblameable life. Oh that we may be able always to do the same!" "Remember the pruning-knife," he says to another, "and do not let your vine run to wood." And after a visit to Mr Thornton of Milnathort, in whose parish there had been an awakening, he asks a brother, "Mr Thornton is willing that others be blessed more than himself; do you think that you have that grace? I find that I am never so successful as when I can lie at Christ's feet, willing to be used or not as seemeth good in

His sight. Do you remember David? 'If the Lord say I have no delight in thee: behold, here am I; let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him.'"

In other places of Scotland also the Lord was then pouring out His Spirit. Perth has been already mentioned, and its vicinity. Throughout Ross-shire, whole congregations were frequently moved as one man, and the voice of the minister drowned in the cries of anxious souls. At Kelso, where Mr Horace Bonar laboured, and at Jedburgh, where Mr Purves was pastor, a more silent, but very solid work of conversion was advancing. At Ancrum (once the scene of John Livingston's labours), the whole parish, but especially the men of the place, were awakened to the most solemn concern. On Lochtayside, where Mr Burns was for a season labouring, there were marks of the Spirit everywhere; and the people crossing the lake in hundreds, to listen to the words of life on the hill-side, called to mind the people of Galilee in the days when the Gospel began to be preached. At Lawers, Mr Campbell, their pastor (who has now fallen asleep in Jesus), spoke of the awakening as "like a resurrection," so great and sudden was the change from deadness to intense concern. On several occasions, the Spirit seemed to sweep over the congregations like wind over the fields, which bends the heavy corn to the earth. It was evident to discerning minds, that the Lord was preparing Scotland for some crisis not far distant.

The Court of Session had adopted a line of procedure that was at once arbitrary and unconstitutional. And now that Court interdicted, under the penalty of fine or imprisonment, all the ministers of the Church of Scotland from administering ordinances or preaching the Word in any of the seven parishes of Strathbogie, whose former incumbents had been suspended from office by the General Assembly for ecclesiastical offences. The church saw it to be her duty to refuse obedience to an interdict, which hindered the preaching of Jesus, and attempted to crush her constitutional liberties. Accordingly, ministers were sent to these districts, fearless of the result; and under their preaching the gross darkness of the region began to give way to the light of truth.

In the month of August Mr M'Cheyne was appointed, along with Mr Cumming of Dumbarney, to visit Huntly, and dispense the Lord's Supper there. As he set out he expressed the hope, that "the dews of the Spirit there might be turned into the pour-

ing rain." His own visit was blessed to many. Mr Cumming preached the action sermon in the open air at the Meadow Well; but the tables were served within the building where the congregation usually met. Mr M'Cheyne preached in the evening to a vast multitude at the well; and about a hundred waited after sermon for prayer, many of them in deep anxiety.

He came to Edinburgh on the 11th, to attend the meeting of ministers and elders who had come together to sign the *Solemn Engagement* in defence of the liberties of Christ's Church. He hesitated not to put his hand to the Engagement. He then returned to Dundee; and scarcely had he returned, when he was laid aside by one of those attacks of illness with which he was so often tried. In this case, however, it soon passed away. "My health," he remarked, "has taken a gracious turn, which should make me look up." But again, on September 6., an attack of fever laid him down for six days.

His preaching became more and more to him a work of faith. Often I find him writing at the close or beginning of a sermon:—"Master, help;" "Help, Lord, help;" "Send showers;" "Pardon, give the Spirit, and take the glory;" "May the opening of my lips be right things." The piercing effects of the word preached on souls at this season may be judged of, from what one of the awakened, with whom he was conversing, said to him, "*I think hell would be some relief from an angry God.*"

His delight in preaching was very great. He himself used to say that he could scarcely ever resist an invitation to preach. And this did not arise from the natural excitement there is in commanding the attention of thousands; for he was equally ready to proclaim Christ to small country flocks. Nay, he was ready to travel far to visit and comfort even one soul. There was an occasion this year on which he rode far to give a cup of cold water to a disciple, and his remark was, "I observe how often Jesus went a long way for one soul, as for example the maniac, and the woman of Canaan."

During the summer of 1842, he was exposed to several attacks of illness, experienced some severe personal trials, and felt the assaults of sore temptation. His own words will best express his state:—"*July* 17.—I am myself much tempted, and have no hope, but as a worm on the arm of Jesus." "*Aug.* 4.—Often, often, would I have been glad to depart, and be with Christ. I am now much better in body and mind, having a little of the

presence of my beloved, whose absence is death to me." The same month.—"I have been carried through deep waters, bodily and spiritual, since last we met." It was his own persuasion that few had more to struggle with in the inner man. Who can tell what wars go on within?

The memorable Convocation met at Edinburgh on November 17th. There were five hundred ministers present from all parts of Scotland. The encroachment of the civil courts upon the prerogatives of Christ, the only Head acknowledged by our Church, and the negligent treatment hitherto given by the legislature of the country to every remonstrance on the part of the Church, had brought on a crisis. The Church of Scotland had maintained from the days of the Reformation that her connection with the State was understood to imply no surrender whatsoever of complete independence in regulating all spiritual matters; and to have allowed any civil authority to control her in doctrine, discipline, or any spiritual act, would have been a daring and flagrant act of treachery to her Lord and King. The deliberations of the Convocation continued during eight days, and the momentous results are well known in this land.

Mr M'Cheyne was never absent from any of the diets of this solemn assembly. He felt the deepest interest in every matter that came before them, got great light as to the path of duty in the course of the consultations, and put his name to all the resolutions, heartily sympathizing in the decided determination that, as a Church of Christ, we must abandon our connection with the State, if our "Claim of Rights" were rejected. These eight days were times of remarkable union and prayerfulness. The proceedings, from time to time, were suspended till the brethren had again asked counsel of the Lord by prayer; and none present will forget the affecting solemnity with which, on one occasion, Mr M'Cheyne poured out our wants before the Lord.

We have not many records of his public work after this date. Almost the last note in his diary is dated December 25:—"This day ordained four elders, and admitted a fifth, who will all, I trust, be a blessing in this place when I am gone. Was graciously awakened a great while before day, and had two hours alone with God. Preached with much comfort on 1 Tim. v. 17, "Let the elders that rule well," &c. At the end of the sermon and prayer, proposed the regular questions; then made the congregation sing standing; during which time I came down from

the pulpit and stood over the four men, then prayed, and all the elders gave the right hand of fellowship, during which I returned to the pulpit, and addressed them and the congregation on their relative duties. Altogether a solemn scene."

About this time, in one of his MSS., there occurs this sentence —"As I was walking in the fields, the thought came over me with almost overwhelming power, that every one of my flock must soon be in heaven or hell. Oh how I wished that I had a tongue like thunder, that I might make all hear; or that I had a frame like iron, that I might visit every one, and say, 'Escape for thy life!' Gen. xix. 17. Ah, sinners! you little know how I fear that you will lay the blame of your damnation at my door."

He was never satisfied with his own attainments in holiness; he was ever ready to learn, and quick to apply, any suggestion that might tend to his greater usefulness. About this period, he used to sing a psalm or hymn every day after dinner. It was often, "The Lord's my Shepherd," &c.; or, "Oh may we stand before the Lamb," &c. Sometimes it was that hymn, *Oh for a closer walk with God;* and sometimes the psalm, "Oh that I like a dove had wings," &c. A friend said of him, "I have sometimes compared him to the silver and graceful ash, with its pensile branches, and leaves of gentle green, reflecting gleams of happy sunshine. The fall of its leaf, too, is like the fall of his—it is green to-night, and gone to-morrow, it does not sere, nor wither."

In the middle of January 1843, he visited Collace, and preached on 1 Cor. ix. 27,—"A Castaway"—a sermon so solemn that one said it was like a blast of the trumpet that would awaken the dead. Next day he rode on to Lintrathen, where the people were willing to give up their work at mid-day, if he would come and preach to them. All this month he was breathing after glory. In his letters there are such expressions as these: "I often pray, Lord, make me as holy as a pardoned sinner can be made." "Often, often I would like to depart and be with Christ—to mount to Pisgah-top and take a farewell of the Church below, and leave my body and be present with the Lord. Ah, it is far better!" Again: "I do not expect to live long. I expect a sudden call some day—perhaps soon—and therefore I speak very plainly." But, indeed, he had long been persuaded that his course would be brief. His hearers remember well how often he would speak in such language as that with which he one day closed his sermon: "Changes are coming; every eye before me shall soon

be dim in death. Another pastor shall feed this flock; another singer lead the psalm; another flock shall fill this fold."

One who tracked his footsteps a month after his death states, that sympathy with the principles of our suffering Church was awakened in many places; but above all, a thirst was excited for the pure Word of Life. His eminently holy walk and conversation, combined with the deep solemnity of his preaching, was specially felt. The people loved to speak of him.

To the last we get glances into his soul's growth. His family devotions were full of life and full of gladness to the end. Indeed, his very manner in reading the chapter reminded you of a man poring into the sands for pieces of fine gold, and from time to time holding up to you what he delighted to have found.

On Sabbath the 12th, he preached upon Heb. ix. 15, in the forenoon, and Rom. ix. 22, 23, in the afternoon, with uncommon solemnity; and it was observed, both then and on other late occasions, he spoke with peculiar strength upon the sovereignty of God. These were his last discourses to his people in St Peter's. That same evening he went down to Broughty Ferry, and preached upon Isaiah lx. 1,—"Arise, shine," &c. It was the last time he was to be engaged directly in proclaiming Christ to sinners; and as he began his ministry with souls for his hire, so it appears that his last discourse had in it saving power to some, and that rather from the holiness it breathed than from the wisdom of its words. After his death, a note was found unopened, which had been sent to him in the course of the following week, when he lay in the fever. It ran thus: "I hope you will pardon a stranger for addressing to you a few lines. I heard you preach last Sabbath evening, and it pleased God to bless that sermon to my soul. It was not so much what you said, as your manner of speaking that struck me. I saw in you a beauty in holiness that I never saw before. You also said something in your prayer that struck me very much. It was, '*Thou knowest that we love Thee.*' Oh, sir, what would I give that I could say to my blessed Saviour, 'Thou knowest that I love Thee.'"

Next evening he held a meeting in St Peter's, with the view of organizing his people for collecting in behalf of the Free Protesting Church—the disruption of the Establishment being now inevitable. He spoke very fervently; and after the meeting felt chilled and unwell. Next morning he felt that he was ill; but went out in the afternoon to the marriage of two of his flock.

He seemed, however, to anticipate a serious attack, for, on his way home, he made some arrangements connected with his ministerial work, and left a message at Dr Gibson's house, asking him to come and see him. He believed that he had taken the fever, and it was so. That night he lay down upon the bed from which he was never to rise. He spoke little; but intimated that he apprehended danger.

On Wednesday, he said he thought that he would never have seen the morning, he felt so sore broken, and had got no sleep; but afterwards added, "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil also?" (John ii. 10). He seemed clouded in spirit, often repeating such passages as—"My moisture is turned into the drought of summer;" "My bones wax old, through my roaring all day long" (Ps. xxxii. 3, 4). It was with difficulty that he was able to speak a few words with his assistant, Mr Gatherer. In the forenoon, Mr Miller of Wallacetown found him oppressed with extreme pain in his head. Amongst other things they conversed upon Ps. cxxvi. On coming to the 6th verse, Mr M'Cheyne said he would give him a division of it. 1. *What is sowed*—"Precious seed." 2. *The manner of sowing it*—"Goeth forth and weepeth." He dwelt upon "*weepeth*," and then said, "Ministers should go forth at all times." 3. *The fruit*—"Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing." Mr Miller pointed to the *certainty* of it; Mr M'Cheyne assented, "Yes—*doubtless*." After praying with him, Mr Miller repeated Mat. xi. 28, upon which Mr M'Cheyne clasped his hands with great earnestness. As he became worse his medical attendants forbade him to be visited. Once or twice he asked for me, and was heard to speak of "*Smyrna*," as if the associations of his illness there were recalled by his burning fever now. I was not at that time aware of his danger, even the rumour of it had not reached us.

Next day, he continued sunk in body and mind, till about the time when his people met for their usual evening prayer-meeting, when he requested to be left alone for half an hour. When his servant entered the room again, he exclaimed with a joyful voice, "My soul is escaped, as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and I am escaped." His countenance, as he said this, bespoke inward peace. Ever after he was observed to be happy; and at supper-time that evening, when taking a little refreshment, he gave thanks, "For strength in the time of weakness—for light in the time of darkness—for joy in the time of

sorrow—for comforting us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort those that are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

On Sabbath, when one expressed a wish that he had been able to go forth as usual to preach, he replied, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord," (Isa. lv. 8); and added, "I am preaching the sermon that God would have me to do."

On Tuesday (the 21st) his sister repeated to him several hymns. The last words he heard, and the last he seemed to understand, were those of Cowper's hymn, *Sometimes the light surprises the Christian as he sings.* And then the delirium came on.

At one time, during the delirium, he said to his attendant, "Mind the text, 1 Cor. xv. 58—'Be stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,'" dwelling with much emphasis on the last clause, "*forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.*" At another time, he seemed to feel himself among his brethren, and said, "I don't think much of policy in Church Courts; no, I hate it; but I'll tell you what I like, faithfulness to God, and a holy walk." His voice, which had been weak before, became very strong now; and often was he heard speaking to or praying for his people. "You must be awakened in time, or you will be awakened in everlasting torment, to your eternal confusion?" "You may soon get me away, but that will not save your souls?" Then he prayed, "This parish, Lord, this people, this whole place!" At another time, "Do it Thyself, Lord, for Thy weak servant!" And again, as if praying for the saints, "Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me," John xvii. 11.

Thus he continued most generally engaged, while the delirium lasted, either in prayer or in preaching to his people, and always apparently in happy frame, till the morning of Saturday the 25th. On that morning, while his kind medical attendant, Dr Gibson, stood by, he lifted up his hands as if in the attitude of pronouncing the blessing, and then sank down. Not a groan or a sigh, but only a quiver of the lip, and his soul was at rest.

As he was subject to frequent sickness, it was not till within some days of his death that serious alarm was generally felt, and hence the stroke came with awful suddenness upon us all. That same afternoon, while preparing for Sabbath duties, the tidings

reached me. I hastened down, though scarce knowing why I went. His people were that evening met together in the church, and such a scene of sorrow has not often been witnessed in Scotland. It was like the weeping for King Josiah. Hundreds were there; the lower part of the church was full: and none among them seemed able to contain their sorrow. Every heart seemed bursting with grief, so that the weeping and the cries could be heard afar off. The Lord had most severely wounded the people whom He had before so peculiarly favoured; and now, by this awful stroke of His hand, was fixing deeper in their souls all that His servant had spoken in the days of his peculiar ministry.

Wherever the news of his departure came, every Christian countenance was darkened with sadness. Perhaps, never was the death of one, whose whole occupation had been preaching the everlasting Gospel, more felt by all the saints of God in Scotland. Not a few also of our Presbyterian brethren in Ireland felt the blow to the very heart. He himself used to say, "Live so as to be missed;" and none that saw the tears that were shed over his death would have doubted that his own life had been what he recommended to others. He had not completed more than twenty-nine years when God took him.

On the day of his burial business was quite suspended in the parish. The streets, and every window, from the house to the grave, were crowded with those who felt that a Prince in Israel had fallen; and many a careless man felt a secret awe creep over his hardened soul as he cast his eye on the solemn spectacle.

His tomb may be seen on the pathway at the north-west corner of St Peter's burying-ground. He has gone to the "mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense, till the day break and the shadows flee away" (Cant. iv. 6). His work was finished! His heavenly Father had not another plant for him to water, nor another vine for him to train; and the Saviour who so loved him was waiting to greet him with his own welcome—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Matt. xxv. 21).

"THEY SING THE SONG OF MOSES."

DARK was the night, the wind was high,
The way by mortals never trod;
For God had made the channel dry,
When faithful Moses stretched the rod.

The raging waves on either hand
Stood like a massy tott'ring wall,
And on the heaven-defended band
Refused to let the waters fall.

With anxious footsteps, Israel trod
The depths of that mysterious way;
Cheered by the pillar of their God,
That shone for them with fav'ring ray.

But when they reached the opposing shore,
As morning streaked the eastern sky,
They saw the billows hurry o'er
The flower of Pharaoh's chivalry.

Then awful gladness filled the mind
Of Israel's mighty ransomed throng;
And while they gazed on all behind,
Their wonder burst into a song.

Thus, Thy redeemed ones, Lord, on earth,
While passing through this vale of weeping,
Mix holy trembling with their mirth,
And anxious watching with their sleeping.

The night is dark, the storm is loud,
The path no human strength can tread;
Jesus, be Thou the pillar-cloud,
Heaven's light upon our path to shed.

And oh! when, life's dark journey o'er,
And death's enshrouding valley past,
We plant our foot on yonder shore,
And tread yon golden strand at last,

Shall we not see with deep amaze,
How grace hath led us safe along;
And whilst behind—before, we gaze,
Triumphant burst into a song!

And even on earth, though sore bested,
Fightings without, and fears within;
Sprinkled to-day from slavish dread,
To-morrow captive led by sin;

Yet would I lift my downcast eyes,
On Thee, Thou brilliant tower of fire—
Thou dark cloud to mine enemies—
That Hope may all my breast inspire.

And thus the Lord, my strength, I'll praise,
Though Satan and his legions rage;
And the sweet song of faith I'll raise,
To cheer me on my pilgrimage.

Edinburgh, 1835.

LETTERS.

TO A SOUL WHOM HE HAD NEVER SEEN, BUT WHOSE CASE WAS LAID BEFORE HIM BY A FRIEND.

Col. ii. 1, 2.

Looking out to Jesus.

March 20. 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I do not even know your name, but I think I know something of the state of your soul. Your friend has been with me, and told me a little of your mind; and I write a few lines just to bid you look to Jesus and live. Look at Num. xxi. 9, and you will see your disease and your remedy. You have been bitten by the great serpent. The poison of sin is through and through your whole heart, but Christ has been lifted up on the cross that you may look and live. Now, do not look so long and so harassingly at your own heart and feelings. What will you find there but the bite of the serpent? You were shapen in iniquity, and the whole of your natural life has been spent in sin. The more God opens your eyes, the more you will feel that you are *lost in yourself*. This is your disease. Now for the remedy. Look to Christ; for the glorious Son of God so loved lost souls, that He took on Him a body and died for us—bore our curse, and obeyed the law in our place. Look to Him and live. You need no preparation, you need no endeavours, you need no duties, you need no strivings, you only need to look and live. Look at John xvii. 8. The way to be saved is to know God's heart and the heart of Jesus. *To be awakened*, you need to know your own heart. Look in at your own heart, if you wish to know your lost condition. See the pollution that is there—forgetfulness of God, deadness, insensibility to His love. If you are judged as you are in yourself, you will be lost. *To be saved*, you need to know the heart of God and of Christ. The four

Gospels are a narrative of the heart of Christ. They shew His compassion to sinners and His glorious work in their stead. If you only knew that heart as it is, you would lay your weary head with John on His bosom. Do not take up your time so much with studying your own heart as with studying *Christ's heart.* "For one look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ!"

Look at Rom. xv. 13. That is my prayer for you. You are looking for peace in *striving*, or peace *in duties*, or peace in *reforming* your mind; but ah! look at His word. "The God of hope fill you with all joy and *peace in believing.*" All your peace is to be found in beieving *God's Word* about His Son. If for a moment you forget your own case altogether, and meditate on the glorious way of salvation by *Christ for us*, does your bosom never glow with a ray of peace? Keep that peace; it is joy in believing. Look as straight to Christ as you sometimes do at the rising or setting sun. Look direct to Christ.

You fear that your convictions of sin have not been deep enough. This is no reason for keeping away from Christ. You will never get a truly broken heart till you are really *in Christ.* See Ezek. xxxvi. 25–31. Observe the order: *First*, God sprinkles clean water on the soul. This represents our being washed in the blood of Christ. *Then* He gives "a new heart also." *Thirdly*, he gives a piercing remembrance of past sins. Now, may the Lord give you all these! May you be brought as you are to the blood of the Lamb! Washed and justified, may He change your heart—give you a tender heart, and His Holy Spirit within your heart; and thus may He give you a broken heart for your past sins.

Look at Rom. v. 19. By the sin of Adam, many were made sinners. We had no hand in Adam's sin, and yet the guilt of it comes upon us. We did not put out our hand to the apple, and yet the sin and misery have been laid at our door. In the same way, "by the obedience of Christ, many are made righteous." Christ is the glorious One who stood for many. His perfect garment is sufficient to cover you. You had no hand in His obedience. You were not alive when He came into the world and lived and died; and yet, in the perfect obedience, you may stand before God righteous. This is all my covering in the sight of a Holy God. I feel infinitely ungodly *in myself*—in God's eye like a serpent or a toad— and yet, when I stand *in Christ alone*, I feel that God sees no sin in me, and loves me freely. The

same righteousness is free to you. It will be as white and clean on your soul as on mine. Oh do not sleep another night without it! Only consent to stand in Christ, not in your poor self.

I must not weary you. One word more. Look at Rev. xxii. 17. Sweet, sweet words. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." The last invitation in the Bible, and the freest—Christ's parting word to a world of sinners! Any one that pleases may take this glorious way of salvation. Can you refuse it? I am sure you cannot. Dear friend, be persuaded by a fellow-worm not to put off another moment. Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.

You are sitting, like Hagar, within reach of the well. May the Lord open your eyes, and shew you all that is in Christ! I pray for you, that you may spiritually see Jesus and be glad—that you may go to Him and find rest. Farewell.—Yours in the Lord, &c.

TO A SOUL SEEKING JESUS.

Seek the righteousness of Christ.

DEAR FRIEND,—I was glad to hear of your safe arrival, and that your health had not suffered by the voyage. I trust the Lord is dealing gently with your frail body, so that your mind may get leave freely to fix itself on Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Above all, I pray that the Holy Spirit may sweetly and silently open your heart, to relish the way of salvation through the blood and obedience of Immanuel. Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.—Acts xiii. 38, 39. You would be deeply concerned to hear that your room-mate —— has been so suddenly and awfully called away. Should it not be a solemn warning to you? Oh, that you may be even now clothed in the righteousness of Jesus! so that, if you were called away, you may meet God in peace, and hear Jesus say, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." In yourself you never will stand righteous before Jehovah. Ps. cxliii. 2, answers your case. "Enter not into judgment with me," must be your cry. In your nature, in your past life, in your breaking of the holy law, in your contempt and neglect of Jesus, in your indwelling sin,

God can see nothing but what he must condemn. Oh that you would be of the same mind with God about your own soul! Do not be afraid to look upon its loathesomeness; for God offers to clothe you in Jesus Christ. "By the obedience of *one* shall many be made righteous" (Rom. v. 19). There is only *one* in all the world on whose face God can look and say, "He is altogether lovely." Jesus is that one. Now God is willing that you and I should *hide in Jesus*. I feel at this moment that He is my righteousness. "This is His name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our righteousness" (Jer. xxiii. 6). I feel that the love of God shines upon my guilty soul through Jesus. This is all my peace. Your tears will not blot out sin; they do nothing but weep in hell, but that does not justify them. Your right views of the gospel will not justify you; you must be covered with a spotless righteousness. Your change of heart and of life will not justify you; it cannot cover *past sins*—neither is it perfect. Your amended life is still fearfully sinful in Jehovah's sight, and yet nothing but perfect righteousness can stand before Him. Jesus offers you this perfect righteousness; in Him you may stand and hear God say, "Thou art all fair, my love." There is no spot in me. Do you thus look to Jesus? Do you believe the record that God has given concerning Him? Do you receive Christ with open arms? Do you cry, "My Lord and my God;" my Surety, my all? Dear friend, do not tarry. Eternity may be near. *Now* is your best time, perhaps your only time of closing with Christ. How many worlds would a lost soul in hell give for such an opportunity of cleaving to Christ as you have now. "He that hath the Son hath life." This is all my prayer and desire for your precious, precious soul.—Ever yours in the Gospel, &c.

TO THE SAME.

Be found in Christ.

December 8. 1841.

DEAR FRIEND,—I send you another line to tell you of Him who is altogether lovely. I have a very dear boy in my parish, who is dying just now. He said to me the other day, "I have just been feeding for some days upon the words you gave me,

'His legs are like pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold' —(Song v. 15); for (said he) I am sure he is able to carry me and all my sins." You may say the same, if your eyes have been opened to see the beauty, fulness, freeness, and compassion of the Lord Jesus. Nothing but the hand of God can open your eyes to see your lost condition as it truly is. Flesh and blood cannot reveal Him unto you, but my Father. Oh! call upon Him to do this for you. A spiritual discovery of yourself and of Jesus is better than a million of worlds to you and to me also. Remember, you cannot be fair in yourself before God. Song i. 6 must be all your prayer,—"*Look not upon me.*" Take yourself at your best moments, you are but a vile worm in Jehovah's sight, and so am I. Remember, you may be "perfect in Christ Jesus." Allow yourself to be found in Christ. Oh! what will come of you if you are found in yourself? Where will you appear? You will shrink back, and call on rocks and mountains to fall upon you and cover you. But if you are hiding in Jesus —if your eye and heart are fixed upon His wounds made by our sins—if you are willing to be righteous in His righteousness—to lie down under the stream of His blood, and to be clothed upon with the snowy fleece of the Lamb of God—then God will love you with His whole soul exceedingly. The pure, full love of God streams through the blood and obedience of Jesus to every soul that is lying under them, however vile and wretched in themselves. Have you tried—have you tasted the holy love of a holy God? Thy love is better than wine. It is better than all creature love or creature enjoyments. Oh! do not live—oh! do not die, out of this sweet, sweet, sin-pardoning, soul-comforting love of God! Remember, Jesus is quite willing to gather you under His wings (Matt. xxiii. 37). Put that beyond all doubt. Remember also, the present is your only time to be saved (Eccles. ix. 10). There is no believing, no repenting, no conversion in the grave—no minister will speak to you there. This is the time of conversion. We must either gain you now, or lose you for ever. Oh that you would use this little time! Every moment of it is worth a world. Your soul is very dear to me—dearer far to Jesus. Look to Him, and you will be saved.—Ever yours, &c.

TO THE SAME.

Go up, leaning on Jesus.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have heard of you from ——, and have been praying for you, that your eye may rest on Jesus, and that your soul may lie in perfect peace under His blood shed for the sins of many. I have been thanking my Father, too, for dealing so bountifully with you. "He is the Father of mercies, and the God of all comforts." I will give you a sweet verse to meditate upon. "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon the beloved?" (Song viii. 5). Do you think this is your position? Truly this world is a wilderness if you have seen it rightly. It is a place of guilt and shame. Every natural heart is a wilderness—a dead place without a drop of living water—and then all natural hearts put together make up a wilderness world. The whole world lieth in wickedness. There are few that know and love Jesus, and these few are panting to get more of the living water. But if you have truly fled to Jesus, you are coming up from the wilderness. Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." Have you found Jesus truly? Do you feel willing to be all vile, all hell-deserving in yourself, and to let God's dear Son be all your shield and righteousness? Oh make sure of this. Never mind what *man* thinks of you. I would not give a straw for the opinions of men, as to whether I was safe or no. It is not what man thinks of us that will cover us on the judgment day. Oh no! You must be in Jesus, sitting at His feet, allowing Him to wash your stains away, allowing Him to enwrap your guilty soul in divine righteousness. If you were lying at the bottom of the sea, no eye could see your deformities; so when the infinite ocean of Immanuel's righteousness flows over the soul, you are swallowed up as it were in Christ. Your blackness is never seen, only His fairness; and thus a God of truth can say, "Behold thou art fair; behold thou art fair, my love. Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee" (Song iv. 1–7). Keep this always in memory; and when guilt comes on the conscience, as it will, lie down again beneath the righteousness of Jesus. Never lose sight of this. Jesus must be seen by the Father instead of our guilty soul. It is no change in our black soul that is to be our covering. You must leave self,

and stand in your Elder Brother. Hide behind Him. Let the Father's eye fall on Him, not on you. This is what Jesus wants. He died to be a shelter for such as you. This is what the Father wants; for He is not willing that any should perish. If you are seen by the Father a naked, guilty sinner, you must die. There is no help for it. But if Jesus appear for you—if you hide in His wounds like the dove in the cliffs of the rock, and under His snowy raiment—then the Father Himself loveth you, and now you are coming up from the wilderness. Every hour that strikes, that is an hour less between you and glory. Oh! do not grieve to part with the world if you are in Christ—an hour with Christ will make up for all your griefs and pains. Half an hour in the presence of our God will make us forget a lifetime of agony. "Leaning on her beloved!" Is this the position of your soul? Do you feel empty, weak, and helpless; and do you see Him mighty to save, able to save to the uttermost. "His legs are like pillars of marble." This is Christ's glory, that He justifies sinners who have no righteousness, and sanctifies souls that have no in-born holiness. Let Jesus bear your whole weight. Remember He loves to be the only support of the soul. He is a jealous Saviour. He wants to be entirely trusted. There is nothing that you can possibly need but you will find it in Him. "*All my springs are in thee*" (Ps. lxxxvii. 7). Do you want righteousness? He has the spirit of a weaned child to give you.—Ps. cxxxi. Do you want love? He is the fountain of love; all the promises of God in Him are yea and in Him amen. I am sure if you get a glimpse of Him, you will lay your head in His breast and die there. May the Spirit anoint your eyes to see Him more and more, and soften your heart to lean on Him. Those that have leaned on Him through the wilderness shall sit with Him on the throne.—Rev. iii. 21. Farewell, dear soul! the Lord feed you sweetly, as he feeds the flowers, by silent drops of dew.—Ever yours, &c.

TO J. T.

A young boy anxious about his soul.

COLLACE, *January* 27. 1842.

MY DEAR BOY,—I was very glad to receive your kind note, and am glad to send you a short line in return, although my time is

much taken up. You are very dear to me because your soul is precious; and if you are ever brought to Jesus, washed and justified, you will praise Him more sweetly than an angel of light. I was riding among the snow to-day, where no foot had trodden, and it was pure, pure white; and I thought again and again of that verse, "*Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow*" (Ps. li. 7). That is a sweet prayer—make it your own. Often go alone and look up to Jesus, who died to wash us from our sins and say, "*Wash me.*" Amelia Geddie was one day dressed in a new white frock, with red ribbons in her bonnet, and some one said to her, "No doubt you will think yourself very trim and clean?" "Ah no," she said, "*I will never think that until I have the fine white robe of my Redeemer's righteousness put upon me.*" I am glad, my dear boy, you think that God is afflicting you to bring you to Himself. It is really for this that He smites you. His heart, His hand, and His rod, are all inscribed with love. But then, see that he does bring you to *Himself.* Do not delay. The lake of fire and brimstone stretches beneath every soul that lives in sin. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. If the Lord Jesus would but draw the curtain and let you see His own fair face, and His wounded side, and how there is room for the guiltiest sinner in Him, you would be drawn to Jesus with the cords of love. I was preaching in Perth last Sabbath; when I came out, a little girl came up to me, I think about three or four years old. She wanted to hear of the way to be saved. Her mother said she had been crying the whole night before about her soul, and would take no comfort till she should find Jesus. Oh! pray that the same Spirit may waken you. Remember, Johnnie, you once wept for your soul too, and prayed and sought Jesus. Have you found Him? or have you looked back, like Lot's wife, and become a hard, cold pillar of salt? Awake again and call upon the name of the Lord. Your time may be short, God only knows. The longest lifetime is short enough. It is all that is given you to be converted in. They are the happiest who are brought soonest to the bosom of Jesus.

Write me again. At present I must draw to a close. Give my kindest remembrances to your mamma, and to A. when you write. Tell him to write me. May you all meet at the table of Jesus above, and may I be there too, a sinner saved by grace.—Ever yours, &c.

TO M. B.,

One of his flock who had felt deserted in soul.

PETERHEAD, *February* 7. 1843.

DEAR FRIEND,—I was very happy to hear from you. I grieve to hear of your sorrow; but Job's sorrow was deeper, and David's also, in Ps. xlii. If you cannot say, "I found him whom my soul loveth" (Song iv. 4); is it not sweet that you can say, "I am sick of love" (Song ii. 5),—He is my beloved still, though He has withdrawn Himself and is gone for a time? Seek into the cause of your declension. See that it be not some Achan in your bosom—some idol set up in the corner of your heart. See that it be not some allowed sin—an unlawful attachment that is drawing you away from the bleeding side of Jesus, and bringing a cloud between you and that bright Sun of Righteousness. When you find out the cause, confess it and bewail it in the ear of a listening God. Tell him all. Keep nothing back. If you cannot find out the cause, ask Him to tell it you. Get it washed in the blood of Jesus. Then get it subdued (Micah vii. 19). None but the Lord Jesus can either pardon or subdue. Remember not to rest in a state of desertion. "I will rise now and go about the city" (Song iii. 2). And yet do not think that you have some great thing to do before regaining peace with God. The work on which peace is given has all been done by Jesus for us. "The word is nigh thee" (Rom. x. 8). "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. x. 4).

TO ONE COMPLAINING OF THE PLAGUES OF THE HEART

Passing on to glory.

ST PETER'S, *March* 8. 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I send a few lines to you in answer to yours. You complain of the plague of your own heart, and so you will till you die. You know little yet of its chambers of imagery. All that is ours is sin. Our wicked heart taints all we say and do; hence the need of continual atonement in the blood of Jesus. It is not one pardoning that will serve the need

of our souls. We must have daily, hourly pardons. I believe you are in the furnace, but it is a short one. Soon the Bridegroom will come, and we shall be with Him, and like Him, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. I burst through all the cobwebs of present things, and, His Spirit anointing my eyes, look at Jesus as one beside me. Blessed Elder Brother, with two natures—God and man—ever-living, never-dying, never-changing! I was preaching last Sabbath on Heb. ix. 13, 14,—"He through the Eternal Spirit offered himself." It was very sweet to myself. In the afternoon I preached on Rev. ii. 4, 5,—"I have this against thee, that thou hast left thy first love." I fear many of my people have done so; therefore it was very suitable. Several I see have felt it very deeply. In the evening I preached on Ps. lxxviii. 41,—"They turned back, and tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel,"—on the sinfulness of limiting God. It was a very sweet and solemn day. Meantime, stay your soul on God. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee" (Isa. xxvi. 3). A few more trials—a few more tears—a few more days of darkness, and we shall be for ever with the Lord. "In this tabernacle we groan, being burdened" (2 Cor. v. 4). All dark things shall yet be cleared up—all sufferings healed—all blanks supplied, and we shall find fulness of joy (not one drop wanting) in the smile and presence of our God. It is one of the laws of Christ's kingdom, "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God" (Acts xiv. 22). We must not reckon upon a smooth road to glory, but it will be a short one. How glad I am that you have "received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost" (1 Thes. i. 6). Cleave closely to Jesus, that you may not have to say in a little, "Oh that I had affliction back again to quicken me in prayer, and make me lie at His feet."

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

This land will soon be strangely convulsed, if God prevent not. The plans now preparing for carrying the Gospel into every corner of the land are sweet indeed. If I be spared and strengthened, I go to London towards the end of April. My

stay must be very short. It is also intended to send me to the General Assembly in May. My poor flock; how I yearn over them! So many of them careless, and judgment at the door! Mr Burns comes to me to-morrow.

I must add no more, as I have work before me. May you experience more and more that "When he giveth quietness none can make trouble!"—even as you once experienced the other, "When he hideth his face, who can then behold him?" Soon we shall see Him as He is; and our trials shall be done. We shall reign with Him and be entirely like Him. The angels will know us by our very faces to be brothers and sisters of Jesus.

Remember Jesus *for us* is all our righteousness before a holy God, and Jesus *in us* is all our strength in an ungodly world. Persevere ever to death; eternal life will make up for all. I was reading to-day, "God hath granted repentance unto life" (Acts xi. 18.) Remember Barnabas's advice, "Cleave to the Lord" (Acts xi. 23); not to man, but to the Lord. May He perfect all that concerneth you. Do not fear the face of man. Remember how small their anger will appear in eternity. Till then, believe me, your friend in Gospel bands, &c.

TO YONDER SIDE.

Luke viii. 22–25.

Behind the hills of Naphtali
The sun went slowly down,
Leaving on mountain, tower, and tree,
A tinge of golden brown.

The cooling breath of evening woke
The waves of Galilee,
Till on the shore the waters broke
In softest melody.

"Now launch the bark," the Saviour cried,
The chosen twelve stood by,
And let us cross to yonder side,
Where the hills are steep and high."

Gently the bark o'er the water creeps,
While the swelling sail they spread,
And the wearied Saviour gently sleeps
With a pillow 'neath His head.

On downy bed the world seeks rest
Sleep flies the guilty eye—

But he who leans on the Father's breast
May sleep when storms are nigh.

But soon the lowering sky grew dark
O'er Bashan's rocky brow—
The storm rushed down upon the bark,
And waves dashed o'er the prow.

The pale disciples trembling spake,
While yawned the watery grave,
"We perish, Master—Master, wake
Carest Thou not to save?"

Calmly He rose with sovereign will,
And hushed the storm to rest.
"Ye waves," He whispered, "Peace! be still!"
They calmed like a pardoned breast.

So have I seen a fearful storm
O'er wakened sinner roll,
Till Jesus' voice and Jesus' form
Said, "Peace, thou weary soul."

And now He bends His gentle eye
His wondering followers o'er,
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?"
I said, "*To yonder shore.*"

When first the Saviour wakened me,
And shewed me why He died,
He pointed o'er life's narrow sea,
And said, "*To yonder Side.*"

"I am the ark where Noah dwelt,
And heard the deluge roar—
No soul can perish that has felt
My rest—*To yonder shore.*"

Peaceful and calm the tide of life
When first I sailed with Thee—
My sins forgiven—no inward strife—
My breast a glassy sea.

But soon the storm of passion raves—
My soul is tempest tossed—
Corruptions rise, like angry waves,
"Help, Master, I am lost!"

"Peace! peace! be still, thou raging breast,
My fulness is for thee"—
The Saviour speaks, and all is rest,
Like the waves of Galilee.

And now I feel His holy eye
Upbraids my heart of pride—
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?
I said, *To yonder side.*"

Begun at the Lake of Galilee, 15th July 1839.

SERMONS, &c.

SERMON I.

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."—JOHN xiv. 6.

IT is the saying of an old divine, that God often orders it, that when He is in hand with the greatest mercies for us, then we are most of all sinning against Him: which he doth to magnify His love the more.

In the words I have read, we find an example of this. At no time did the heart of Jesus overflow with a tenderer and more sovereign love to His disciples, than when he said, "Let not your heart be troubled" (John xiv. 1). They were troubled by many things. He had told them that He was going to leave them; He had told them that one should betray Him—that another should deny Him—that they should all be offended because of Him that very night; and perhaps they thought He was going from them in anger. But, whatever the cause of their trouble was, Jesus' bosom was like a vessel full to overflowing, and these words were the overlipping drops of love,—"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Surely such words of confiding tenderness were never whispered in this cold world before; and oh, then, think how cold, how dark, how dull is the question with which Thomas breaks in upon the heavenly discourse,—"Thomas saith unto Him, Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?" And yet how condescendingly does Jesus bear with their cold-hearted dulness! How lovingly does He begin the very alphabet of salvation with them, and not only answers, but over-answers Thomas—gives him more than he could ask or think. He asked about the way and the place, but Christ answers, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Regarding

this, then, as a complete description of the Gospel salvation, let us go over the different parts of it.

I. *Christ is the Way.*—"I am the way; no man cometh," &c. The whole Bible bears witness that by nature we have no way to the Father. We are by nature full of sin, and God is by nature infinitely holy—that is, He shrinks away from sin. Just as the sensitive plant, by its very nature, shrinks away from the touch of a human hand, so God, by His very nature, shrinks away from the touch of sin. He is everlastingly separate from sinners; He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

(1.) This was impressively taught to Adam and the patriarchs. As long as Adam walked holily, God dwelt in him, and walked in him, and communed with him; but when Adam fell, "God drove the man out of paradise; and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden, cherubim and a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life" (Gen. iii. 24). This flaming sword between the cherubim was a magnificent emblem of God—the just and sin-hating God. In the bush, He appeared to Moses as a consuming fire; in the temple, He appeared between the cherubim in the milder glory of the Shekinah; but here He appeared between the cherubim as a sword—a just and sin-hating God. And I beseech you to remark, that this flaming sword turned *every way* to keep the way of the tree of life. If it had not turned *every way*—if it had left some foot-path unglared across—then Adam might have stolen in by that foot-path, and made his own way to the tree of life. But no: whatever avenue he tried—however secret, however narrow, however steep and difficult—however silently he crept along—still this flaming meteor met him and it seemed to say, "How can man be just with God?" Job xxv. 4. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh living be justified" (Rom. iii. 20). Well might Adam sit down, wearied with the vain searching for a path-way into life; for man by nature has no way to the Father.

But Christ says, "I am the way." As He says in Psalm xvi. —"Thou wilt shew me the path of life." No man could find out this path of life; but Jesus says, "Thou wilt shew it me; in Thy presence is fulness of joy—at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore" (Ps. xvi. 11). *Jesus pitied* the poor sons of Adam vainly struggling to find out a way into the paradise of God, and He left the bosom of the Father, just that He might open up a way for us into the bosom of the Father. And how did He do it?

Was it by escaping the vigilance of the flaming sword? No; for it turned every way. Was it by exerting His divine authority, and commanding the glittering blade to withdraw? No; for that would have been to dishonour His Father's law instead of magnifying it. He therefore became a man in our stead—yea, became sin. God caused to meet on Him the iniquities of us all. He advanced in our stead to meet that fiery meteor—He fell beneath its piercing blade; for He remembered the word of the prophet, which is written, "Awake, O sword! against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. xiii. 7).

And now, since the glittering blade is bathed in the side of the Redeemer, the guiltiest of sinners—whoever you be—whatever you be—may enter in over His bleeding body—may find access to the paradise of God, to eat of the tree of life, and live for ever. Come quickly—doubt not; for He says, *I am the way.*

(2.) The same fact—that man has by nature no way to the Father—was impressively taught to Moses and the people of Israel.

When God condescended to dwell among the children of Israel, He dwelt peculiarly in the holiest of all—the innermost apartment of the Jewish temple. There the visible token of His presence rested between the cherubim—at one time described to us as a light inaccessible and full of glory—at another time as a cloud that filled the temple. But this innermost apartment, or holiest of all (or secret place, as it is called in the Psalms), was separated from the holy place by a curtain or veil, and through that veil no man was allowed to pass, lest he should die, except the High Priest, who entered in, once in the year, not without blood. Now, no picture could express more plainly that the way into the holiest was not made manifest—that no sinful man has any way of coming into the presence of God.

But Jesus says, "I am the way." Jesus was grieved that we were shut out from the holiest of all—from the presence of God; for He knew by experience that in that presence there is fulness of joy. But how did He open the way? Did He pull aside the veil, that we might steal in secretly and easily into the presence of the Father? No; but He offered Himself—an offering to satisfy Divine justice and reconcile us to God. "He said, It is finished; and bowed His head and gave up the ghost" (John xix. 30). "And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in

twain, from the top to the bottom" (Mark xvi. 32). It is finished—the punishment of the law is borne—the demands of the law are answered—the way is finished—the veil is rent, from the top to the bottom! Not a shred of the dreadful curtain now remains to intercept us. The guiltiest—the vilest sinner of you all has now liberty to enter in through the rent veil, under the light of Jehovah's countenance—to dwell in the secret of His tabernacle—to behold His beauty, and to inquire in His temple.

And now, my friends, is this your way of coming to the Father? Christ says, "I am the way; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." If, then, you will still keep to your own way, whatever it be—whether it be the way of tears, or penances, or vows of amendment, or hopes that God will not deal strictly—if you will not be warned, you will find in the judgment-day that the cherubic sword turned every way, and that you are left a prey to the consuming fire.

But oh! if there be one soul that can find no peace in any self-righteous way—if there be one of you who find that you are lost in yourself—behold Christ says to you, "I am *the* way," as He says in another place, "I am *the* door" (John x. 9). It is a full, free, and open way, and it is a way for sinners. Why wait a moment longer? There was once a partition wall between you and God; but Christ hath cast it down. God was once angry; but His anger is turned away from this blessed path. In Christ He is ever well pleased.

II. *Christ is the Truth.*—The whole Bible, and the whole of experience, bear witness that by nature we are ignorant of *the truth*. No doubt there are many truths which an unconverted man does know. He may know the truths of mathematics and arithmetic—he may know many of the common every day truths; but still it cannot be said that an unconverted man knows *the truth*, for Christ is the truth. Christ may be called the key-stone of the arch of truth. Take away the key-stone of an arch, and the whole becomes a heap of rubbish. The very same stones may be there, but they are all fallen, smothered, and confused—without order—without end. Just so—take Christ away, and the whole arch of truth becomes a heap of rubbish. The very same truths may be there; but they are all fallen—without coherence—without order—without end. Christ may be called the sun of the system of truth. Take away the sun out of our system,

and every planet would rush into confusion. The very same planets would be there; but their conflicting forces would draw them hither and thither, orb dashing against orb in endless perplexity. Just so—take Christ away, and the whole system of truth rushes into confusion. The same truths may be in the mind, but all conflicting and jarring in inextricable mazes; for "the path of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble" (Prov. iv. 19). But let Christ be revealed to an unconverted soul—let it not be merely a man speaking about Christ unto him—but let the Spirit of God reveal Him, and there is revealed, not a truth, but *the truth*. You put the key-stone into the arch of truth; you restore the sun to the centre of the system. All truth becomes orderly and serviceable in that mind.

Now He knows the truth with regard to Himself. Did the Son of God really leave the bosom of the Father to bear wrath in our stead?—then I must be under wrath. Did the Lord Jesus become a servant, that He might obey the will of God instead of sinners?—then I must be without any righteousness—a child of disobedience.

Again, knowing Christ, he knows the truth with regard to God. Did God freely give up His Son to the death for us all?—then, if I believe in Jesus, there is no condemnation to me. God is my Father, and God is love.

My friends, have you seen Christ, who is the truth? Has He been revealed to you not by flesh and blood, but by the Spirit of our God? Then you know how true it is that in Him "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge"—that He is the "Alpha and Omega" (Rev. i. 11), the beginning and the ending of all knowledge. But if you have not seen Christ, then you know nothing as yet as you ought to know; all your knowledge is like a bridge without a key-stone—like a system without a sun. What good will it do you in hell, that you knew all the sciences in the world—all the events of history, and all the busy politics of your little day? Do you not know that your very knowledge will be turned into an instrument of torture in hell? Oh, how will you wish in that day that you had read your newspaper less and your Bible more—that with all your getting you had got understanding—that with all your knowledge you had known the Saviour, whom to know is life everlasting.

III. *Christ is the Life.*—The whole Bible bears witness that by nature we are dead in trespasses and sins—that we are as unable

to walk holily in the world as a dead man is unable to rise and walk.

Both Scripture and experience alike testify that we are by nature dead in trespasses and sins; and yet it is not a death in which we are wholly inactive, for in it we are said to walk according to the course of this world—according to the prince of the power of the air.

This truth is taught us impressively in that vision of the prophet Ezekiel, where he was carried out by the Spirit, and set down in the midst of an open valley, full of dry bones; and as he passed by them round about, behold there were very many in the open valley, and lo! they were very dry.

Just such is the view which every child of God gets of the world. The dry bones are very many, and they are very dry; and he asks the same question which God asked of Ezekiel—"Can these bones live?" (Ezek. xxxvii. 3). Oh yes, my friends; and does not experience teach you the same thing. True, the dead cannot know that they are dead; and yet, if the Lord touch your heart, you will find it out; we prophesy to dry bones; for this is the Lord's way;—while we prophesy the breath enters in. *Look back over your life then.* See how you have walked according to the course of this world. You have always been like a man swimming with the stream—never like a man swimming against the current. *Look into your heart*, and see how it has turned against all the commandments; you feel the Sabbath to be a weariness—instead of calling it a delight and honourable. If ever you tried to keep the commandments of God—if ever you tried to keep your eyes from unlawful desires, your tongue from words of anger, or gossiping, or bitterness, your heart from malice, and envy, and covetousness—if ever you have tried this, and I fancy most unconverted men have tried it—if ever you have tried this—did you not find it impossible? It was like raising the dead. Did you not find a struggle against yourself? Oh how plain that you are dead—not born again! Marvel not that we say unto you, ye must be born again. You must be joined to Christ, for Christ *is the life.* Suppose it were possible for a dead limb to be joined into a living body, so completely that all the veins should receive the purple tide of living blood—suppose bone to join on to bone, and sinew to sinew, and nerve to nerve—do you not see that that limb, however dead before, would become a living limb. Before, it was cold, and stiff, and motion-

less, and full of corruption; now, it is warm and pliable, and full of life and motion. It is a living limb, because joined on to that which is life. Or, suppose it possible for a withered branch to be grafted into a living vine, so completely that all the channels should receive the flow of the generous sap; do you not see that that branch, however dead before, becomes a living branch? Before, it was dry, and fruitless, and withered; now, it is full of sap, of life, and vigour. It is a living branch, for it is joined to the vine, which is its life. Well, then, just in the same way, Christ is the life of every soul that cleaves to Him. He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit. Is your soul like a dead limb—cold, stiff, motionless, and full of corruption? Cleave you to Christ—be joined to Him by faith, and you shall be one spirit—you shall be made warm, and vigorous, and full of activity, in God's service.

Is your soul like a withered branch — dry, fruitless, and withered, wanting both leaves and fruit? Cleave you to Christ; be joined to Him, and you shall be one spirit. You will find it true that Christ is the life; your life will be hid with Christ in God. You will say, I live; "yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20).

Remember then, my unbelieving friends, the only way for you to become holy is to become united to Christ. And remember you, my believing friends, that if ever you are relaxing in holiness, the reason is, you are relaxing your hold on Christ. Abide in Me, and I in you—so shall ye bear much fruit. Severed from Me, ye can do nothing.

DUNDEE, 1836.

SERMON II.

"A sword, a sword is sharpened, and also furbished: it is sharpened to make a sore slaughter; it is furbished that it may glitter; should we then make mirth? it contemneth the rod of my son, as every tree."—EZEK. xxi. 9, 10.

FROM the second verse of this chapter, we learn that this prophecy was directed against Jerusalem; "Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem, and drop thy word toward the holy places, and prophesy against the land of Israel" (Ezek. xxi. 2).

We have already told you that Ezekiel, while yet a youth, was carried captive by Nebuchadnezzar, and placed with a number of his countrymen, by the river of Chebar. It was there that he delivered his prophecies during a space of twenty-two years. The prophecy I have read was delivered in the seventh year of his captivity, and just three years before Jerusalem was destroyed, and the temple burnt. From verse 2, we learn that these words were directed against Jerusalem, for though God had taken Ezekiel away to minister to the captives by the river of Chebar, yet He made him send many a message of warning and of mercy to His beloved Jerusalem. "Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem, and drop thy word toward the holy places, and prophesy against the land of Israel."

God had already fulfilled many of the words of His prophets against Jerusalem. He had fulfilled the word of Jeremiah against one of their kings (Jehoiakim). "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass—drawn and cast forth beyond the walls of Jerusalem" (Jer. xxii. 19). He had fulfilled the word of the same prophet in carrying another king (Jehoiachin) to Babylon with all the goodly vessels of the house of the Lord. But still, neither prophecies nor judgments would awaken Jerusalem; so that we are told (2 Chron. xxxvi. 12) that Zedekiah, the next king, "did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord his God, and humbled not himself before Jeremiah the prophet, speaking from the mouth of the Lord." Ver. 14–16, "Moreover, all the chief of the priests and the people transgressed very much, after all the abominations of the heathen; and polluted the house of the Lord, which he had hallowed in Jerusalem. And the Lord God of their fathers sent to them by His messengers, rising up betimes, and sending; because He had compassion on His people, and on His dwelling place: But they mocked the messengers of God, and despised His works, and misused His prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people, till there was no remedy."

It was in a time of great hardness and impenitence in Jerusalem that the prophecy before me was delivered, and just three years before the wrath of God was poured on them to the utttermost. *First*, All was mirth and sensuality in Jerusalem, *Second*, The false prophets prophesied peace, and the people loved to have it so. *Third*, There was no noise but that of revelry within the devoted city. But in the midst of that din and revelry, the lone

prophet by the river of Chebar heard the muttering of the distant thunder. The faithful servant of God saw God arming himself as a mighty man for the war, and the glittering sword of vengeance in His hand, and he calls aloud to his countrymen, all at ease, with awakening thunders, "A sword, a sword is sharpened, and also furbished: it is sharpened to make a sore slaughter; it is furbished that it may glitter; should we then make mirth?"

My friends, those of you who are unconverted are in the very same situation as Jerusalem was. In the years that are now fled, like the mists of the morning, how many messages have you had from God? How many times has He sent His messengers to you, rising up early and sending them? His Bible has been in your houses, a silent, but most mighty pleader for God; His providence has been in your families—in sickness and death, in plenty or poverty—all, all beseeching you to flee from the wrath to come—all, all beseeching you to cleave to the Lord Jesus, the only, the all-sufficient Saviour. All these messages have come to you, and you are yet unconverted, still dead, dry bones, without Christ and without God in the world; and you are saying, Soul, take thine ease, eat and drink, and be merry. But do, my friends, hearken once more, for God does not wish any to perish. I have a word from God unto thee—"A sword, a sword is sharpened, and also furbished: it is sharpened to make a sore slaughter; it is furbished that it may glitter; should we then make mirth?"

Doctrine.—It is very unreasonable in unconverted persons to make mirth.

(1.) It is unreasonable, *because they are under condemnation.*—The sword is sharpened, and also furbished. It is sharpened to make a sore slaughter; it is furbished that it may glitter. Should we then make mirth? There is a common idea that men are under probation, as Adam was, and that Christless persons will not be condemned till the judgment; but this is not the case. The Bible says, "He that believeth not is condemned already" (John iii. 18). He that hath not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). "Cursed is every one [not shall be] who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10). Christless souls are at present in the horrible pit, every mouth is stopped, and they are guilty before God. They are in prison, ready to be brought out to execution. Therefore, when God sends us to preach to Christless persons, He calls it "preaching to the spirits

in prison" (1 Pet. iii. 19),* that is, who are under condemnation. The sword is not only unsheathed, it is sharpened and furbished. It is held over their heads.

Should they then make mirth? It is unreasonable in a condemned malefactor to make mirth. Would it not greatly shock every feeling mind to see a company of men condemned to die, meeting and making merry, talking lightly and jestingly, as if the sword was not over them? Yet this is the case of those of you who are unconverted and yet live lives of mirth. You have been tried in the balance and found wanting. You have been condemned by the righteous judge. Your sentence is past. You are now in prison, neither can you break out of this prison; the sword is whetted and drawn over you. And oh! is it not most unreasonable to make mirth? Is it not most unreasonable to be happy and contented with yourself and merry with your friends? Is it not madness to sing the song of the drunkard? "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die" (Isa. xxii. 13).

(2.) *Because God's instruments of destruction are all ready.*—Not only are Christless persons condemned already, but the instruments of their destruction are prepared and quite ready. The sword of vengeance is sharpened and also furbished. When swords are kept in the armoury, they are kept blunt, that the rust may not hurt their edge; but when work is to be done, and they are taken out for the slaughter, then they are furbished and sharpened—made sharp and glittering. So it is with the sword of the executioner: when not in use, it is kept blunt; but when work is to be done, it is sharpened and made ready. It is sharpened and furbished just before the blow is struck, that it may cut clean. So is it with God's sword of vengeance. It is not sheathed and blunt—it is sharpened and furbished—it is quite ready to do its work—it is quite ready for a sore slaughter, The disease by which every unconverted man is to die is quite ready—it is perhaps in his veins at this very moment. The accident by which he is to drop into eternity is quite ready—all the parts and means of it are arranged. The arrow that is to strike him is on the string—perhaps it has left the string, and is even now flying towards him.

The place in hell is quite ready for every unconverted soul. When Judas died, the Scripture says, "he went to his own place"

* I believe he afterwards understood 1 Pet. iii. 19 to mean, "the spirits who are now in prison."

(Acts i. 25). It was his own place before he went there, being quite prepared and ready for him. As when a man retires at night to his sleeping room, it is said he has gone to his own room, so a place in hell is quite ready for every Christless person. It is his own place. When the rich man died and was buried, he was immediately in his own place. He found everything ready. He lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torments. So hell is quite ready for every Christless person. It was prepared, long ago, for the devil and his angels. The fires are all quite ready, and fully lighted and burning.

Ah! should Christless souls then make mirth? A malefactor might perhaps say that he would be merry as long as the scaffold was not erected on which he was to die. But if he were told that the scaffold was quite ready—that the sword was sharpened, and the executioner standing ready—oh! would it not be madness to make mirth? Alas! this is your madness, poor Christless soul. You are not only condemned, but the sword is sharpened and ready that is to smite your soul; and yet you can be happy, and dream away your days and nights in pleasures that perish in the using. The disease is ready, the accident is ready, the arrow is on the string, the grave is ready, yea, hell itself is ready, your own place is made ready; and yet you can make mirth! You can play games and enjoy company. How truly is your laughter like the crackling of thorns under a pot: a flashy blaze, and then the blackness of darkness for ever!

(3.) *The sword may come down at any one moment.*—Not only are Christless persons condemned already, and not only is the sword of vengeance quite ready, but the sword may come down at any one moment. It is not so with malefactors; their day is fixed and told them, so that they can count their time. If they have many days, they make merry to-day at least, and begin to be serious to-morrow. But not so Christless persons; their day is fixed, but it is not told them. It may be this very moment. Ah! should they then make mirth?

Some malefactors have been found very stout-hearted to the very last. Many have received their sentence quite unmoved and with a determined countenance. Some have even gone to the scaffold quite unmoved; some even with a light, careless spirit. But when the head is laid down upon the block, when the eyes are covered, and the neck laid bare—when the glittering sword is lifted high in the air, and may come down any one moment—

that is a dreadful time of suspense. It would be very horrible to see a man in a light, careless spirit at that time. Oh! it would be madness to be merry then. Alas! this is your madness, poor Christless soul. You are not only condemned, and not only is the sword ready, but it may fall on you at any one moment. Your head is, as it were, on the block. Your neck is bared before God, and the whetted sword is held over you; and yet can you make mirth? Can you take up your mind with business and worldly things, and getting rich, building and planting, and this night your soul may be required of you? Can you fill up your time with games and amusements, and foolish books and entertaining companions? Can you fill up your hours after work with loose talk and wanton behaviour, adding sin to sin, treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, when you know not what hour the wrath of God may come upon you to the uttermost? Can you go prayerless to your bed at night, your mind filled with dark and horrid imaginations not fit to be named, and yet you may be in hell before the morning? A sword, a sword, it is furbished!

(4.) *Because God has made no promise to Christless souls to stay His hand one moment.*—All the promises of God are yea and amen; that is, they are true. He always fulfils His promises. But the same Scripture says they are "yea and amen *in Christ Jesus*" (2 Cor. i. 20). All God's promises are made to Christ, and to sinners that cleave to Christ. I believe that it is impossible, in the nature of things, that God would make a promise to an unconverted man. Accordingly, all God's promises are made to Christ, and to every sinner that cleaves on to Christ. But unconverted persons are those who have never come to Christ; therefore, there are no promises made to them. God nowhere promises to make them anxious. He nowhere promises to bring them to Christ. He nowhere promises to keep them one moment out of hell. "Should they then make mirth?"

Let me speak to Christless persons who are at ease. Many of you hearing me may know that you are in a Christless state; and yet you know that you are at ease and happy. Why is this? It is because you hope to be brought to Christ before you die. You say, another day will do as well, and I will hear thee again of this matter; and therefore you take your ease now. But this is very unreasonable. It is not worthy of a rational being to act in this way. God has nowhere promised to bring you to Christ

before you die. God has laid Himself under no manner of obligation to you. He has nowhere promised that you shall see to-morrow, or that you shall hear another sermon. There is a day near at hand when you shall not see a to-morrow. If this be not the last, there is a sermon yet to be preached which will be the last you will ever hear.

Let me speak to Christless persons who are anxious about their souls. Some hearing me know that they are in a Christless condition, and this made them anxious, and yet it is to be feared some are losing that anxiety, and now going back to the mirth of the world. Why is this? This is most unreasonable. If you are still out of Christ, however anxious you have been, remember God has made no promises to save you. The sword is still over you, furbished and sharpened. Ah! do not then make mirth. Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Press into it. Never rest till you are in the bonds of the covenant. Then be as happy as the day is long.

(5.) *It is a sore slaughter: "A sword! a sword!"*

1*st*,—*Sore, because it will be on all who are Christless.*—The dreadfulness of the slaughter in Jerusalem was that all were slain, both old and young. The command which the prophet heard was (ix. 5), "Go ye through the city and smite. Let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity. Slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children, and women; but come not near any man upon whom is the mark." Such is the sore slaughter waiting on unconverted souls. All Christless persons will perish, young and old. God will not spare, neither will His eye pity. Think of this, *old grey-headed persons*, that have lived in sin, and never come to Christ; if you die thus, you will certainly perish in the sore slaughter. Think of this, *middle-aged persons*, hard-working merchants and labourers, who make money, but do not sell all for the pearl of great price. Think of this, ye *Marthas*, who are careful and troubled about many things, but who forget the one thing that is needful, you also will fall in the sore slaughter. Think of this, *young persons*, who live without prayer, yet in mirth and jollity; you that meet to jest and be happy on Sabbath evenings, you that walk in the sight of your own eyes, you too will fall in that sore slaughter. Think of this, *little children*, you that are the pride of your mother's heart, but who have gone astray from the womb, speaking lies. Little children, who are fond of your plays, but are not fond of coming to Jesus Christ,

who is the Saviour of little children, the sword will come on you also. Oh! it is a sore slaughter that will not spare the young, nor the lovely, nor the kind; the gentle mother and affectionate child; the widow and her only son. Should you then make mirth? Unconverted families, when you meet in the evening to jest and sport with one another, ask this one question, Should we make mirth? Is your mirth reasonable? Is it worthy of rational beings? Unconverted companions, who meet so often for mirth and amusement, should you make mirth together when you are in such a case? Ah! how dismal will the contrast be when God says, Bind them in bundles to burn them!

2*d*,—*Sore slaughter, because the sword is the sword of God.*—If it were only the sword of man that is furbished and sharpened for the slaughter, it would not be very terrible. But it is the sword of Almighty God, and therefore it is very terrible. "Fear not them that kill the body, but after that have no more that they can do; but I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear Him who, after He hath killed the body, is able to cast body and soul into hell. Yea, I say unto you, fear Him" (Luke xii. 4, 5). If it were the sword of man, it could reach only to the body; but, ah! it is the sword of God, and the iron will enter into the soul. It is the same sword that appeared in the garden of Eden. "A flaming sword, that turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life" (Gen. iii. 24). It is the same sword which pierced the side of Jesus Christ in His agony. "Awake, O sword! against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts. I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered" (Zech. xiii. 7). It is that sword of which Christ speaks, when He says, "It shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with hypocrites; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth" (Mat. xxiv. 51).

Dear brethren, it is not a few flesh wounds that that sword will make. It will cut asunder—it will be a death blow—eternal death. It is a death which body and soul will be always dying, yet never dead.

(1.) *Let me speak to the old.*—There may be some hearing me in whom these three things meet, namely, that they are old and Christless, and full of mirth. Oh! if there be such hearing me, consider your ways—consider if your mirth be worthy of a rational being. I have shewn you plainly out of the Scriptures what your case is: *First*, That you are condemned already. Second,

That God's sword is ready. *Third*, That it may come down any moment. *Fourth*, That God has made you no promise to stay His hand. And *Fifth*, That it will be a sore slaughter. Consider, then, if it be reasonable to believe a lie—to deceive your own soul, and say, Peace, peace, when there is no peace. In the ordinary course of things, you must soon go the way of all living—you must be gathered to your fathers; and then all that I have said will be fulfilled. Should you then make mirth? Are you tottering on the brink of hell, and yet living prayerless and Christless, and playing yourself with straws—telling over the oft-repeated tale of youth, and laughing over the oft-repeated jest? Alas! what a depth of meaning was there in the word of Solomon: "I said of laughter, it is mad, and of mirth, what doth it? Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness" (Prov. xiv. 13).

(2.) *Let me speak to the young.*—There may be many hearing me in whom these three things meet: They are young in years, far from Christ, and yet full of mirth. Now, my dear friends, I entreat you to consider whether your mirth is reasonable. The sword is sharpened for a sore slaughter. Should you then make mirth?

Obj. 1.—Youth is the time for mirth. *Ans.*—I know well youth is the time for mirth. The young lamb is a happy creature as it springs about on the green pasture. The young kid leaps from rock to rock with liveliest glee. The young horse casts its heels high in the air, full of life and activity. But then they have no sin, and you have; they have no hell, and you have. If you will come to Jesus Christ now, and be freed from wrath, ah! then you will find that youth is the time for mirth—youth is the time for enjoying sweet peace in the bosom, and liveliest intercourse with God, and brightest hopes of glory.

Obj. 2.—You would have us to be gloomy and sad. *Ans.*—God forbid. All that I maintain is, that until you are come to Christ, your mirth is mad and unreasonable. If you will come to Christ, then, be as happy as you will—there are no bounds to your joy there, for you will joy in God. And when you die, you will come to fulness of joy in His presence, and pleasures at His right hand for evermore.

Obj. 3.—If I be Christless, it will not bring me into Christ to be sad, and, therefore, I may as well be merry. *Ans.*—True, to be sad will not bring you into Christ; and yet, if you were really

awakened to cry to God, peradventure He would hear your cry. If you were striving to enter in, you might find entrance. If you were pressing into the kingdom, you might take it by violence. Seek meekness, seek righteousness. It may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger. If you stay where you are, you are sure to be lost. If you live on in carnal security, in mirth and jollity while you are out of Christ, you are sure to perish.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccles. xi. 9).

DUNDEE, 1837.

SERMON III.

"Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man."—PROV. viii. 4.

(1.) *These are the words of wisdom;* and wisdom in the book of Proverbs is none other than our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is evident from chap. i. 23, where He says, "Behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you;" but it is Christ alone who has the gift of the Holy Spirit. And again, from ch. viii. 22, where He says, "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way;" and verse 30, "Then I was by him as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him." These words are true of none but of Jesus Christ,—the Word that was with God, and was God, by whom all things were made.

(2.) *The places He goes to with the invitation.—First,* He goes to the country. He climbs every eminence, and cries there; then He descends to the highway where many roads meet. *Second,* He goes to the city. He begins at the gates where the people are assembled to make bargains and hear causes; then He proceeds along the principal avenue into the city, and cries in at every door as He passes. He first goes out into the highways and hedges, then goes into the streets and lanes of the city, carrying the blessed message.

(3.) *Observe the manner in which He invites.*—He cries aloud—He puts forth the voice—He stands and cries—He calls and lifts up His voice—He seems like some merchant offering his wares

—first in the market and then from door to door. Never did busy crier offer to sell his goods with such anxiety as Jesus offers His salvation; verse 10, "Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold."

(4.) *Observe to whom the invitation is addressed.*—Verse 4, "Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man." Merchants only offer their goods to certain classes of the people that will buy; but Jesus offers His to all men. Wherever there is a son of Adam—wherever there is one born of woman—the word is addressed to him; he that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Doctrine.—Christ offers Himself as a Saviour to all of the human race.

I. *The most awakening truth in all the Bible.*—It is commonly thought that preaching the holy law is the most awakening truth in the Bible—that by it the mouth is stopped, and all the world becomes guilty before God; and, indeed, I believe this is the most ordinary mean which God makes use of. And yet to me there is something far more awakening in the sight of a divine Saviour freely offering Himself to every one of the human race. There is something that might pierce the heart that is like a stone, in that cry—"Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man."

(1.) Had you lived in the days when Noah built the Ark—had you seen that mighty vessel standing open and ready, inviting all the world to come into its roomy cavities, would it not have been the most awakening of all sights? Could you have looked upon it without thinking of the coming flood, that was to sweep the ungodly world away?

(2.) Had you lived in the times when Jesus was on the earth—had you seen Him riding down the Mount Olivet, and stopping when He came in sight of Jerusalem, lying peaceful and slumbering at His feet—had you seen the Son of God weep over the city, and say, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes" (Matt. xix. 42)—would you not have felt that some awful destruction was awaiting the slumbering city? Would He shed these tears for nothing? Surely He sees some day of woe coming which none knows but Himself.

(3.) Just so, dear friends, when you see Jesus here running

from place to place—from the high places to the highways—from the highways to the city gates—from the gates to the doors; when you hear His anxious cry, "Unto you, O men, I call"—does it not shew that all men are lost—that a dreadful hell is before them? Would the Saviour call so loud and so long if there was no hell?

Apply this to slumbering souls.

1st, *Mark who it is that calls you—it is Wisdom!*—Jesus Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. "Unto you, O men, I call." Often, when ministers prick your hearts in their sermons, you go home and say, "Oh! it was only the word of a minister—shall I tremble at the words of a man?" But here is the word of no minister, but of Christ. Here is the word of one who knows your true condition—who knows your heart and your history—who knows your sins done in the light, and done in the dark, and done in the recesses of your heart—who knows the wrath that is over you, and the hell that is before you. "Unto you, O men, I call."

2d, *Mark in how many places He calls you.*—In the high places and the highways—in the gates—in the entries—at the coming in of the doors. Has it not been so with you? Have you not been called in the Bible—in the family—in the house of prayer? You have gone from place to place, but the Saviour has gone after you. You have gone to places of diversion—you have gone to places of sin—but Christ has followed you. You have laid down on a bed of sickness, and Christ has followed you. Must not the sheep be in great danger, when the Shepherd follows so far in search of it?

3d, *How loud He cries.*—He calls and lifts up the voice. Has it not been so with you? Has He not knocked loudly at your door—in warnings—in providences—in deaths? Has He not cried loudly in the preached word? Sometimes, when reading the Bible alone, has not the voice of Christ been louder than thunder.

4th, *He cries to all.*—Had He cried to the old, then the young would have said, "We are safe—we do not need a Saviour." Had He cried to the young, the old men among you would have said, "He is not for us." Had He called to the good or to the bad, still some would have felt themselves excused. But He cries to you all. There is not one person hearing but Jesus cries to you. Then all are lost—old and young, rich and poor. Whatever you

think of yourselves, Jesus knows you to be in a lost condition; therefore this piercing cry, "Unto you, O men, I call."

II. *The most comforting truth in the Bible.*—When awakened persons are first told of Jesus Christ, it generally adds to their grief. They see plainly that He is a very great and glorious Saviour; but then they feel that they have rejected Him, and they fear that He never can become their Saviour. Very often awakened persons sit and listen to a lively description of Christ—of His work of substitution in the stead of sinners; but their question still is, "Is Christ a Saviour to me?" Now, to this question I answer, Christ is freely offered to all the human race. "Unto you, O men, I call." If there were no other text in the whole Bible to encourage sinners to come freely to Christ, this one alone might persuade them. There is no subject more misunderstood by unconverted souls than the unconditional freeness of Christ. So little idea have we naturally of free grace, that we cannot believe that God can offer a Saviour to us, while we are in a wicked hell-deserving condition. Oh it is sad to think how men argue against their own happiness, and will not believe the very Word of God.

All the types shew the Saviour to be free to all.

(1.) The brazen serpent was lifted up in sight of all Israel, that any one might look, and be healed; and Christ himself explains this.—"So must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 14, 15).

(2.) The Refuge City set on a hill, with its gates open night and day, shewed this. Whosoever will may flee for refuge to the hope set before us.

(3.) The angels over Bethlehem repeated the same thing—"Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people" (Luke ii. 10). And the last invitation of the Bible is the freest of all—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). Mark also, in the text before us—"Unto you, O men, I call." This shews that He is not free to devils; but to all *men*, to every one that has human form and human name, the Saviour is now free. It is not for any goodness in men, not for any change in them that Christ offers Himself; but just in their lost condition as men. He freely puts Himself within their reach. There are many stratagems by which the devil contrives to keep man away from Christ.

(1.) Some say there is no hope for me. "There is no hope, no; for I have loved strangers, and after them I will go. I have committed such great sins—I have sunk so deep in the mire of sin—I have served my lusts so long, that there is no use of me thinking of turning. There is no hope, no." To you I answer, there is hope; your sins may be forgiven for Christ's sake—there is forgiveness with God. Ah, why should Satan so beguile you? True, you have waded deep into the mire of sin—you have destroyed yourself, and yet in Christ there is help. He came for such as you. Christ speaks in these words to you—you are of the human race, and Christ is free to all of the human race—"Unto you, O men, I call."

(2.) "I have not the least care about my soul. Up to this moment I never listened to a sermon, nor attended to a word in the Bible. I have no wish to hear of Christ, or God, or eternal things." To you I answer: Still Christ is quite free to you. Though you have no care for your soul, yet Christ has, and wishes to save it. Though you do not care for Christ, yet He cares for you, and stretches out His hands to you. Christ did not come to the earth because people were caring about their souls, but because we were lost. You are only the more lost. Christ is all the more seeking you. This day you may find a Saviour. "Unto you, O men, I call."

(3.) "If I knew I were one of the elect, I would come, but I fear I am not." To you I answer: Nobody ever came to Christ because they knew themselves to be of the elect. It is quite true that God has of his mere good pleasure elected some to everlasting life, but they never knew it till they came to Christ. Christ nowhere invites the elect to come to Him. The question for you is not, Am I one of the elect? but, Am I of the human race?

(4.) Some of you may be saying, "If I could see my name in the Bible, then I would believe that Christ wants me to be saved. When Christ called Zaccheus, He said, 'Zaccheus, come down.' He called him by name, and he came down immediately. Now, if Christ would call me by name, I would run to Him immediately." Now, to you I say, Christ does call you by your name, for He says, "To you, O men, I call." Suppose that Christ had written down the names of all the men and women in the world, your name would have been there. Now, instead of writing down every name, he puts them altogether in one word, which includes every man, and woman, and child—"Unto you, O *men*, I call; and my words

are to the *sons of men.*" So your name is in the Bible. "Go and preach the Gospel to every creature."

(5.) "If I could repent and believe, then Christ would be free to me, but I cannot repent and believe." To you I say, Are you not a man, before you repent and believe? then Christ is offered to you before you repent. And, believer, Christ is not offered to you because you repent, but because you are a vile, lost sinner. "Unto you, O men, I call."

(6.) "I fear the market is over. Had I come in the morning of life, I believe Christ was offered me then—in youth—at my first sacrament; but now I fear the market-day is done." Are you not still a man—one of the human race? True, you have refused the Saviour for years, yet still He offers Himself to you. It was not for any goodness that he offered Himself to you at first, but because you were vile and lost. You are vile and lost yet, so He offers Himself to you still. "Unto you, O men, I call."

I would here, then, take occasion to make offer of Christ with all His benefits to every soul in this assembly. To every man, and woman, and child, I do now, in the name of my Master, make full, free offer of a crucified Saviour to be your surety and righteousness, your refuge and strength. I would let down the Gospel cord so low, that sinners, who are low of stature, like Zaccheus, may lay hold of it. Oh! is there none will lay hold on Christ, the only Saviour?

III.—*The most condemning truth in the Bible.*

If Christ be freely offered to all men, then it is plain that all who live and die without accepting Christ shall meet with the doom of those who refuse the Son of God. "He that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate Me love death" (Prov. viii. 36). Ah! it is a sad thing that the very truth, which is life to every believing soul, is death to all others. "This is the condemnation." We are a sweet savour of Christ unto God. When the ignorant heathens stand at the bar of God—Hindoos, and Africans, and Chinese—who have never had the offer of Christ made to them, they will not be condemned as those will that have lived and died unsaved under a preached Gospel. Tyre and Sidon will not meet the same doom as Chorazin and Bethsaida, and unbelieving Capernaum.

Oh! brethren, you are without excuse in the sight of God, if you go home unsaved this day. The Gospel cord has been let

down very low to every one of you this day. If you go away without laying hold, your condemnation will be heavier at the last day. If Christ had not come to you, you had not had sin, but now you have no cloak for your sin.

Objection.—But my heart is so hard that I cannot believe—my heart is so set upon worldly things that I cannot turn to Christ. I was born this way. *Ans.*—This does but aggravate your guilt. It is true you were born thus, and that your heart is like the nether millstone. But that is the very reason God will most justly condemn you; because from your infancy you have been hard-hearted and unbelieving. If a thief, when tried before the judge on earth, were to plead guilty, but to say that he had always been a thief—that even in infancy his heart loved stealing—would not this just aggravate his guilt, that he was habit and repute a thief?—So you.

O brethren, if you could die and say that Christ had never been offered to you, you would have an easier hell than you are like to have. You must go away either rejoicing in or rejecting Christ this day—either won, or more lost than ever, There is not one of you but will yet feel the guilt of this Sabbath-day. This sermon will meet you yet. See that ye refuse not him that speaketh, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

ST PETER'S, 1838.

SERMON IV.

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love Him, because He first loved us. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loved not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God loved his brother also."—1 JOHN iv. 18–21.

Doctrine.—Perfect love casteth out fear.

I. *The state of an awakened soul.*—"*Fear hath torment.*"

There are two kinds of fear mentioned in the Bible very opposite from one another. The one is the very atmosphere of heaven, the other is the very atmosphere of hell.

(1.) *There is the fear of love.*—This is the very temper of a little child: the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

This was the mind of Job. "He feared God and hated evil" (Job i. 1). Nay, it is the very spirit of the Lord Jesus. On Him rested "the spirit of the fear of the Lord, and made him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord" (Isa. xi. 3).

(2.) *There is the fear of terror.*—This is the very temper of devils: "the devils believe and tremble" (James ii. 9). This is what was in Adam and Eve after the fall; they fled from the voice of God, and tried to hide themselves in one of the trees of the garden. This was the state of the jailor when he trembled, and sprang in and brought them out, and fell at their feet, saying, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30). This is the fear here spoken of—tormenting fear. "Fear hath torment." Some of you have felt this fear that hath torment. Many more might feel it this day; you are within reach of it. Let me explain its rise in the soul.

1*st*, A natural man casteth off fear, and restrains prayer before God. "They have been at ease from their youth, and settled down upon their lees; they have not been emptied from vessel to vessel, therefore their taste remains in them, and their scent is not changed" (Jer. xlviii. 11). They are like fallow-ground, that has never been broken up by the plough, but is overrun with briers and thorns. Are there not some among you that never trembled for your soul? You think you are as good as your neighbours. Ah! well, your dream will be broken up one day soon.

2*d*, When the spirit of God opens the eyes, He makes the stoutest sinner tremble. He shews him *the number of his sins*, or rather that they cannot be numbered. Before, he had a memory that easily forgot his sins; oaths slipped over his tongue, and he knew it not; every day added new sins to his page on God's book, yet he remembered not. But now the Spirit of God sets all his sins straight before him. All unpardoned, long forgotten enormities, rise up behind him. Then he begins to tremble. "Innumerable evils have compassed me about" (Ps. xl. 12).

3*d*, The Spirit makes him feel the greatness of sin, the exceeding sinfulness of it. Before, it seemed nothing; but now, it rises like a flood over the soul. The wrath of God he feels abiding on him; a terrible sound is in his ears. He knows not what to do; his fear hath torment. Sin is seen now as done against a holy God—done against a God of love—done against Jesus Christ and His love.

4th, A third thing which awfully torments the soul is corruption working in the heart. Often persons under conviction are made to feel the awful workings of corruption in their heart. Often temptation and conviction of sin meet together and awfully torment the soul, rending it in pieces. Conviction of sin is piercing his heart, driving him to flee from the wrath to come; and yet at the same moment some raging lust, or envy, or horrid malice, is boiling in his heart, driving him towards hell. Then a man feels a hell within him. In hell there will be this awful mixture; there will be an overwhelming dread of the wrath of God, and yet corruption boiling up within, will drive the soul more and more into the flames. This is often felt on earth. Some of you may be feeling it. This is the fear that hath torment.

5th, Another thing the Spirit convinces the soul of is, his inability to help himself. When a man is first awakened, he says, I shall soon get myself out of this sad condition. He falls upon many contrivances to justify himself. He changes his life; he tries to repent, to pray. He is soon taught that "his righteousnesses are filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6)—that he is trying to cover rags with filthy rags; he is brought to feel that all he can do signifies just nothing, and that he never can bring a clean thing out of an unclean. This sinks the soul in gloom. This fear hath torment.

6th, He fears he shall never be in Christ. Some of you perhaps know that this fear hath torment. The free offer of Christ is the very thing that pierces you to the heart. You hear that He is altogether lovely—that He invites sinners to come to Him —that He never casts out those that do come. But you fear you will never be one of these. You fear you have sinned too long or too much—you have sinned away your day of grace. Ah! this fear hath torment.

Some will say, "It is not good to be awakened, then."

Ans. 1. It is the way to peace that passeth understanding.— It is God's chosen method, to bring you to feel your need of Christ before you come to Christ. At present your peace is like a dream! when you awake you will find it so. Ask awakened souls if they would go back again to their slumber. Ah! no; if I die, let me die at the foot of the cross; let me not perish unawakened.

Ans. 2. You must be awakened one day.—If not now, you will

afterwards, in hell. After death, fear will come on your secure souls. There is not *one* unawakened soul in hell; all are trembling there. The devils tremble; the damned spirits tremble. Would it not be better to tremble now, and flee to Jesus Christ for refuge? *Now*, He is waiting to be gracious to you. *Then*, He will mock when your fear cometh. You will know to all eternity that "fear hath torment."

II. *The change on believing.*—"There is no fear in love." "Perfect love casteth out fear."

(1.) The love here spoken of is not our love to God, but *His love to us;* for it is called *perfect* love. All that is ours is imperfect. When we have done all, we must say, "We are unprofitable servants" (Luke xvii. 10). Sin mingles with all we think and do. It were no comfort to tell us, that if we would love God perfectly, it would cast out fear; for how can we work that love into our souls? It is the Father's love to us that casteth out fear. He is *the Perfect One*. All His works are perfect. He can do nothing but what is perfect. His knowledge is perfect knowledge; His wrath is perfect wrath; His love is *perfect love*. It is this perfect love which casteth out fear. Just as the sunbeams cast out darkness wherever they fall, so does this love cast out fear.

(2.) But where does this love fall?—On Jesus Christ. Twice God spake from heaven, and said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii. 17). God perfectly loves His own Son. He sees infinite beauty in His person. God sees Himself manifested. He is infinitely pleased with His finished work. The infinite heart of the infinite God flows out in love towards our Lord Jesus Christ. And there is no fear in the bosom of Christ. All His fears are past. Once He said, "While I suffer thy terrors I am distressed" (Isa. lxxxviii. 15); but now He is in perfect love, and perfect love casteth out fear. *Hearken, trembling souls!* Here you may find rest to your souls. You do not need to live another hour under your tormenting fears. Jesus Christ has borne the wrath of which you are afraid. He now stands a refuge for the oppressed—a refuge in the time of trouble. Look to Christ, and your fear will be cast out. Come to the feet of Christ, and you will find rest. Call upon the name of the Lord, and you will be delivered. You say, you cannot look, nor come, nor cry, for you are helpless. Hear,

then, and your soul shall live. Jesus is a Saviour to the helpless. Christ is not only a Saviour to those who are naked and empty, and have no goodness to recommend themselves, but He is a Saviour to those who are unable to give themselves to Him. You cannot be in too desperate a condition for Christ. As long as you remain unbelieving, you are under His perfect wrath—wrath without any mixture. The wrath of God will be as amazing as His love. It comes out of the same bosom. But the moment you look to Christ, you will come under His perfect love—love without any coldness—light without any shade—love without any cloud or mountain between. God's love will cast out all your fears.

III. *His love gives boldness in the day of judgment*, ver. 17.—There is a great day coming, often spoken of in the Bible—the day of judgment—the day when God shall judge the secrets of men's hearts by Christ Jesus. The Christless will not be able to stand in that day. The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment. At present sinners have much boldness; their neck is an iron sinew, and their brow brass. Many of them cannot blush when they are caught in sin. Amongst ourselves, is it not amazing how bold sinners are in forsaking ordinances? With what a brazen face will some men swear! How bold some ungodly men are in coming to the Lord's table! But it will not be so in a little while. When Christ shall appear—the holy Jesus, in all His glory—then brazen-faced sinners will begin to blush. Those that never prayed will begin to wail. Sinners, whose limbs carried them stoutly to sin and to the Lord's table last Sabbath, will find their knees knocking against one another. Who shall abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appears? When the books are opened—the one the book of God's remembrance, the other the Bible—then the dead will be judged out of those things written in the books. Then the heart of the ungodly will die within them; then will begin "their shame and everlasting contempt" (Dan. xii. 2). Many wicked persons comfort themselves with this, that their sin is not known—that no eye sees them; but in that day the most secret sins will be all brought out to the light. "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment" (Matt. xii. 6). How would you tremble and blush? O wicked man, if I were now to go over before this congregation

the secret sins you have committed during the past week—all your secret fraud and cheating—your secret uncleanness—your secret malice and envy—how you would blush and be confounded! How much more in that day, when the secrets of your whole life shall be made manifest before an assembled world! What eternal confusion will sink down your soul in that day! You will be quite chop-fallen; all your pride and blustering will be gone.

All in Christ will have boldness—

(1.) *Because Christ shall be Judge.*—What abundant peace will it give you in that day, believer, when you see Christ is Judge! He that shed His blood for you. He that is your Surety—your Shepherd—your all. It will take away all fear. You will be able to say, Who shall condemn, for Christ hath died? In the very hand that opens the books, you will see the marks of the wounds made by your sins. Christ will be the same to you in the judgment that He is now.

(2.) *Because the Father Himslf loveth you.*—Christ and the Father are one. The Father sees no sin in you; because, as Christ is, so are you in this world. You are judged by God according to what the Surety is; so that God's love will be with you in that day. You will feel the smile of the Father, and you will hear the voice of Jesus saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father" (Matt. xxv. 34).

Learn to fear nothing between this and judgment. Fear not—wait on the Lord, and be of good courage.

IV. *The consequences of being in the love of God.*

(1.) "*We love Him because He first loved us;*" ver. 19.—When a poor sinner cleaves to Jesus, and finds the forgiving love of God, he cannot but love God back again. When the prodigal returned home, and felt his father's arms around his neck, then did he feel the gushings of affection towards his father. When the summer sun shines full down upon the sea, it draws the vapours upward to the sky. So when the sunbeams of the Sun of righteousness fall upon the soul, they draw forth the constant risings of love to Him in return.

Some of you are longing to be able to love God. Come into His love, then. Consent to be loved by Him, though worthless in yourself. It is better to be loved by Him than to love, and it is the only way to learn to love Him. When the light of the

sun falls upon the moon, it finds the moon dark and unlovely; but the moon reflects the light, and casts it back again. So let the love of God shine into your breast, and you will cast it back again. The love of Christ constraineth us. "We love him because he first loved us" (1 John iv. 19). The only cure for a cold heart is to look at the heart of Jesus.

Some of you have no love to God because you have an idol. You may be sure you have never come into his love—that curse rests upon you, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be an anathema maranatha" (1 Cor. xvi. 22).

(2.) *We love our brother also.*—If you love an absent person, you will love their picture. What is that the sailor's wife keeps so closely wrapped in a napkin, laid up in her best drawer among sweet-smelling flowers? She takes it out morning and evening, and gazes at it through her tears. It is the picture of her absent husband. She loves it because it is like him. It has many imperfections, but still it is like. Believers are the pictures of God in this world. The Spirit of Christ dwells in them. They walk as He walked. True, they are full of imperfections; still they are true copies. If you love Him, you will love them; you will make them your bosom friends.

Are there none of you that dislike real Christians? You do not like their look, their ways, their speech, their prayers. You call them hypocrites, and keep away from them. Do you know the reason? You hate the copy, because you hate the original; you hate Christ, and are none of His.

St Peter's, 1840.

SERMON V.

THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED.*

"The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved is like a roe, or a young hart; behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over *and* gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing *of birds* is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines *with* the

* August 14. 1836, when he preached as candidate—the first day he preached in St Peter's.

tender grape give a *good* smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. O my dove, *that art* in the clefts of the rock, in the secret *places* of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet *is* thy voice, and thy countenance *is* comely. Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines *have* tender grapes. My beloved *is* mine, and I *am* his; he feedeth among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe, or a young hart, upon the mountains of Bether."—SONG OF SOLOMON, ii. 8–17.

THERE is no book of the Bible which affords a better test of the depth of a man's Christianity than the Song of Solomon. (1.) If a man's religion be *all in his head*—a well set form of doctrines, built like mason work, stone above stone—but exercising no influence upon his heart, this book cannot but offend him; for there are no stiff statements of doctrine here upon which his heartless religion may be built. (2.) Or, if a man's religion be *all in his fancy*—if, like Pliable in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he be taken with the outward beauty of Christianity—if, like the seed sown upon the rocky ground, his religion is fixed only in the surface faculties of the mind, while the heart remains rocky and unmoved—though he will relish this book much more than the first man, still there is a mysterious breathing of intimate affection in it, which cannot but stumble and offend him. (3.) *But if a man's religion be heart religion*—if he hath not only doctrines in his head, but love to Jesus in his heart—if he hath not only heard and read of the Lord Jesus but hath felt his need of Him, and been brought to cleave unto Him, as the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely, then this book will be inestimably precious to his soul; for it contains the tenderest breathings of the believer's heart towards the Saviour, and the tenderest breathings of the Saviour's heart again towards the believer.

It is agreed among the best interpreters of this book—(1.) That it consists not of one song, but of many songs; (2.) That these songs are in a dramatic form; and (3.) That like the parables of Christ, they contain a spiritual meaning, under the dress and ornaments of some poetical incident.

The passage which I have read forms one of these dramatical songs, and the subject of it is, a sudden visit which an Eastern bride receives from her absent lord. The bride is represented to us as sitting lonely and desolate in a kiosk, or Eastern arbour—a place of safety and of retirement in the gardens of the East—described by modern travellers as "an arbour surrounded by a green wall, covered with vines and jessamines, with windows of lattice work."

The mountains of Bether (or, as it is on the margin, the mounts of division), the mountains that separate her from her beloved, appear almost impassable. They look so steep and craggy that she fears he will never be able to come over them to visit her any more. *Her garden* possesses no loveliness to entice her to walk forth. All nature seems to partake in her sadness; winter reigns without and within; no flowers appear on the earth; all the singing birds appear to be sad and silent upon the trees; and the turtle's voice of love is not heard in the land.

It is whilst she is sitting thus lonely and desolate that the voice of her beloved strikes upon her ear. Love is quick in hearing the voice that is loved; and, therefore, she hears sooner than all her maidens, and the song opens with her bursting exclamation, "The voice of my beloved!" When she sat in her solitude, the mountains between her and her lord seemed nearly impassable, they were so lofty and so steep; but now she sees with what swiftness and ease he can come over these mountains so that she can compare him to nothing else but the gazelle, or the young hart, the loveliest and swiftest creatures of the mountains. "My beloved is like a roe, or a young hart." Yea, while she is speaking, already he has arrived at the garden wall, and now, behold, "He looketh in at the window, shewing himself through the lattice." The bride next relates to us the gentle invitation, which seems to have been the song of her beloved as he came so swiftly over the mountains. While she sat alone, all nature seemed dead—winter reigned; but now he tells her that he has brought spring-time along with him. "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Moved by this pressing invitation, she comes forth from her place of retirement into the presence of her lord, and clings to him like timorous dove to the clefts of the rock; and then he addresses her in these words of tenderest and most delicate affection, "O my dove, thou art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the precipice, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." Joyfully agreeing to go forth with her lord, she yet remembers that this is the season of

greatest danger to her vines, from the foxes which gnaw the of the vines; and, therefore, she will not go forth without lea this command of caution to her maidens, "Take us the fo the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have ten grapes." She then renews the covenant of her espousals w her beloved, in those words of appropriating affection: "M beloved is mine, and I am his; let him feed among the lilies. And last of all, because she knows that this season of intimat communion will not last, since her beloved must hurry awa again over the mountains, she will not suffer him to depart without beseeching him that he will often renew these visits of love, till that happy day dawn when they shall not need to be separated any more—"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart, upon the mountains of Bether."

We might well challenge the whole world of genius to produce in any language a poem such as this—so short—so comprehensive—so delicately beautiful. But, what is far more to our present purpose, there is no part of the Bible which opens up more beautifully some of the innermost experiences of the believer's heart.

Let us now, then, look at the parable as a description of one of those visits which the Saviour often pays to believing souls, when He manifests Himself unto them in that other way than He doeth unto the world.

I. *When Christ is away from the soul of the believer, he sits alone.*—We saw in the parable, that, when her lord was away, the bride sat lonely and desolate. She did not call for the young and the gay to cheer her solitary hours. She did not call for the harp of the minstrel to soothe her in her solitude. There was no pipe, nor tabret, nor wine at her feasts. No, she sat alone. The mountains seemed all but impassable. All nature partook of her sadness. If she could not be glad in the light of her lord's countenance, she was resolved to be glad in nothing else. She sat lonely and desolate. Just so it is with the true believer in Jesus. Whatever be the mountains of Bether that have come between his soul and Christ—whether he hath been seduced into his old sins, so that "his iniquities have separated again between him and his God, and his sins have hid his face from Him, that He will not hear" (Isa. lix. 2)—or whether the Saviour hath withdrawn for a season the comfortable light of His presence for the

mere trial of His servant's faith, to see if, when he "walketh in darkness and hath no light, he will still trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God" (Isa. l. 10)—whatever the mountains of separation be, it is the sure mark of the believer *that he sits desolate and alone.* He cannot laugh away his heavy care, as worldly men can do. He cannot drown it in the bowl of intemperance, as poor blinded men can do. Even the innocent intercourse of human friendship brings no balm to his wound—nay, even fellowship with the children of God is now distasteful to his soul. He cannot enjoy what he enjoyed before, when they that feared the Lord spoke often one to another. The mountains between him and the Saviour seem so vast and impassable, that he fears He will never visit him more. All nature partakes of his sadness—winter reigns without and within. He sits alone, and is desolate. Being afflicted, he prays; and the burden of his prayer is the same with that of an ancient believer—"Lord, if I may not be made glad with the light of Thy countenance, grant that I may be made glad with nothing else; for joy without Thee is death."

Ah! my friends, do you know anything of this sorrow! Do you know what it is thus to sit alone and be desolate, because Jesus is out of view? If you do, then rejoice, if it be possible, even in the midst of your sadness! for this very sadness is one of the marks that you are a believer—that you find all your peace and all your joy in union with the Saviour.

But ah! how contrary is the way with most of you! You know nothing of this sadness. Yes, perhaps you make a mock at it. You can be happy and contented with the world, though you have never got a sight of Jesus. You can be merry with your companions, though the blood of Jesus has never whispered peace to your soul. Ah! how plain that you are hastening on to the place where "there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked" (Isa. xlviii. 22).

II. *Christ's coming to the desolate believer is often sudden and wonderful.*—We saw in the parable, that it was when the bride was sitting lonely and desolate that she heard suddenly the voice of her lord. Love is quick in hearing; and she cries out, "The voice of my beloved!" Before, she thought the mountains all but impassable; but now she can compare his swiftness to nothing but that of the gazelle or the young hart. Yea, whilst she speaks, he is at the wall—at the window—shewing himself

through the lattice. Just so is it oftentimes with the believer. While he sits alone and desolate, the mountains of separation appear a vast and impassable barrier to the Saviour, and he fears He may never come again. The mountains of a believer's provocations are often very great. "That I should have sinned again, who have been washed in the blood of Jesus. It is little that other men should sin against Him; they never knew Him —never loved Him as I have done. Surely I am the chief of sinners, and have sinned away my Saviour. The mountain of my provocations hath grown up to heaven, and He never can come over it any more." Thus it is that the believer writes bitter things against himself; and then it is that oftentimes he hears the voice of his beloved. Some text of the Word, or some word from a Christian friend, or some part of a sermon, again reveals Jesus in all His fulness—the Saviour of sinners, even the chief. Or it may be that He makes himself known to the disconsolate soul in the breaking of bread, and when He speaks the gentle words—"This is My body broken for you; this cup is the New Testament in My blood shed for the remission of the sins of many; drink ye all of it" (Matt. xxvi. 26–28)—then he cannot but cry out, "The voice of my beloved; behold, He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills."

Ah, my friends, do you know anything of this joyful surprise? If you do, why should you ever sit down despairingly, as if the Lord's hand were shortened at all that he cannot save, or as if His ear were grown heavy that he cannot hear? In the darkest hour say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Still trust in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God" (Ps. xlii. 11). Come expectingly to the Word. Do not come with that listless indifference as if nothing that a fellow-worm can say were worth your hearing. It is not the word of man, but the word of the living God. Come with large expectations, and then you will find the promise true, that He filleth the hungry with good things, though He sends the rich empty away.

III. *Christ's coming changes all things to the believer, and His love is more tender than ever.*—We saw in the parable that when the bride sat desolate and alone, all nature was steeped in sadness. Her garden possessed no charms to draw her forth, for *winter reigned* without and within. But when her lord came

so swiftly over the mountains, he brought the spring along with him. All nature is changed as he advances, and his invitation is, "For the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Just so it is with the believer when Christ is away, all is winter to the soul. But when He comes again over the mountains of provocation, He brings a gladsome spring-time along with Him. When that Sun of righteousness arises afresh upon the soul, not only do His gladdening rays fall upon the believer's soul, but all nature rejoices in His joy. The mountains and hills burst forth before Him into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands. It is like a change of season to the soul. It is like that sudden change from the pouring rains of a dreary winter to the full blushing spring, which is so peculiar to the climes of the sun.

The world of nature is all changed.—Instead of the thorn comes up the fir tree, and instead of the brier comes up the myrtle tree. Every tree and field possesses a new beauty to the happy soul. *The world of grace* is all changed. *The Bible* was all dry and meaningless before; now, what a flood of light is poured over its pages! how full, how fresh, how rich in meaning, how its simplest phrases touch the heart! *The house of prayer* was all sad and dreary before—its services were dry and unsatisfactory; but now, when the believer sees the Saviour, as he hath seen Him heretofore within His holy place, his cry is,—"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts; a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand" (Ps. lxxxiv. 1–10). *The garden of the Lord* was all sad and cheerless before; now tenderness towards the unconverted springs up afresh, and love to the people of God burns in the bosom—then they that fear the Lord speak often one to another. The time of singing the praises of Jesus is come, and the turtle voice of love to Jesus is once more heard in the land; the Lord's vine flourishes, and the pomegranate buds, and Christ's voice to the soul is, "Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away."

As the timorous dove pursued by the vulture, and well nigh made a prey, with fluttering anxious wing, hides itself deeper than ever in the clefts of the rock, and in the secret places of the precipice, so the backslidden believer, whom Satan has desired to have, that he may sift him as wheat, when he is restored once more to the all-gracious presence of his Lord, clings to Him with fluttering, anxious faith, and hides himself deeper than ever

in the wounds of his Saviour. Thus it was that the fallen Peter, when he had so grievously denied his Lord, yet, when brought again within sight of the Saviour, standing upon the shore, was the only one of the disciples who girt his fisher's coat unto him, and cast himself into the sea to swim to Jesus; and just as that backslidden apostle, when again he had hidden himself in the clefts of the Rock of Ages, found that the love of Jesus was more tender towards him than ever, when he began that conversation, which, more than all others in the Bible, combines the kindest of reproofs with the kindest of encouragements, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these?" (John xxi. 15) just so does every backslidden believer find, that when again he is hidden in the freshly opened wounds of his Lord, the fountain of His love begins to flow afresh, and the stream of kindness and affection is fuller and more overflowing than ever, for His word is, "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the precipice, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."

Ah, my friends, do you know anything of this? Have you ever experienced such a coming of Jesus over the mountain of your provocations, as made a change of season to your soul? and have you, backslidden believer, found, when you hid yourself again deeper than ever in the clefts of the rock—like Peter girding his fisher's coat unto him, and casting himself into the sea—have you found His love tenderer than ever to your soul? Then, should not this teach you quick repentance when you have fallen? Why keep one moment away from the Saviour? Are you waiting till you wipe away the stain from your garments? Alas! what will wipe it off, but the blood you are despising? Are you waiting till you make yourself worthier of the Saviour's favour? Alas! though you wait till all eternity, you can never make yourself worthier. Your sin and misery are your only plea. Come, and you will find with what tenderness He will heal your backslidings, and love you freely; and say, "O my dove," &c.

IV. I observe the threefold disposition of fear, love, and hope, which this visit of the Saviour stirs up in the believer's bosom. These three form, as it were, a cord in the restored believer's bosom, and a threefold cord is not easily broken.

(1.) First of all, there is *fear*.—As the bride in the parable

would not go forth to enjoy the society of her lord, without leaving the command behind to her maidens to take the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, so does every believer know and feel that the time of closest communion is also the time of greatest danger. It was when the Saviour had been baptized, and the Holy Ghost, like a dove, had descended upon Him, and a voice, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii. 17),—it was then that He was driven into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil; and just so it is when the soul is receiving its highest privileges and comforts, that Satan and his ministers are nearest—the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines. (1.) Spiritual pride is near. When the soul is hiding in the wounds of the Saviour, and receiving great tokens of His love, then the heart begins to say, Surely I am somebody—how far I am above the everyday run of believers. This is one of the little foxes that eats out the life of vital godliness. (2.) There is making a Christ of your comforts—looking to them, and not to Christ—leaning upon them, and not upon your beloved. This is another of the little foxes. (3.) There is a false notion that now you must surely be above sinning, and above the power of temptation, now you can resist all enemies. This is the pride that goes before a fall—another of the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines. Never forget, I beseech you, that fear is a sure mark of a believer. Even when you feel that it is God that worketh in you, still the Word saith, Work out your salvation with fear and trembling;—even when your joy is overflowing, still remember it is written, "rejoice with *trembling*" (Ps. ii. 11); and again, "Be not high minded, but fear" (Rom. ix. 20). Remember the caution of the bride, and say, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes."

(2.) But if cautious fear be a mark of a believer in such a season, still more is *appropriating love*. When Christ comes anew over mountains of provocation, and reveals Himself to the soul free and full as ever, in another way than He doth unto the world, then the soul can say, "My beloved is mine, and I am His." I do not say that the believer can use these words at all seasons. In times of darkness and in times of sinfulness the reality of a believer's faith is to be measured rather by his sadness than by his confidence. But I do say, that, in seasons when Christ reveals Himself afresh to the soul, shining out like

the sun from behind a cloud, with the beams of sovereign, unmerited love—then no other words will satisfy the true believer but these, "My beloved is mine, and I am His." The soul sees Jesus to be *so free a Saviour*—so anxious that all should come to Him and have life—stretching out His hands all the day—having no pleasure in the death of the wicked—pleading with men, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die!" (Ezek. xxxiii. 11). The soul sees Jesus to be *so fitting a Saviour*—the very covering which the soul requires. When first he hid himself in Jesus, he found Him suitable to all his need—the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. But now he finds out a new fitness in the Saviour, as Peter did when he girt his fisher's coat unto him, and cast himself into the sea. He finds that he is a fitting Saviour for the backslidden believer, that His blood can blot out even the stains of Him who, having eaten bread with Him, has yet lifted up the heel against Him. The soul sees Jesus to be *so full a Saviour*—giving to the sinner not only pardons, but overflowing, immeasurable pardons—giving not only righteousness, but a righteousness that is more than mortal, for it is all Divine—giving not only the Spirit, but pouring water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. The soul sees all this in Jesus, and cannot but choose Him and delight in Him with a new and appropriating love, saying, "*My beloved is mine.*" And if any man ask, How darest thou, sinful worm, to call that Divine Saviour thine? the answer is here, *For I am His:* He chose me from all eternity, else I never would have chosen Him. He shed His blood for me, else I never would have shed a tear for Him. He cried after me, else I never would have breathed after Him. He sought after me, else I never would have sought after Him. He hath loved me, therefore I love Him. He hath chosen me, therefore I evermore choose Him. "My beloved is mine, and I am His."

(3). But, lastly, if love be a mark of the true believer at such a season, so also is *prayerful hope.* It was the saying of a true believer in an hour of high and wonderful communion with Jesus, "Lord, it is good for us to be here" (Matt. xvii. 4). My friend, you are no believer if Jesus hath never manifested Himself to your soul in your secret devotions—in the house of prayer, or in the breaking of bread—in so sweet and overpowering a manner, that you have cried out, "Lord, it is good for me to be here." But though it be good and very pleasant, like sunlight to the eyes,

yet the Lord sees that it is not wisest and best always to be there. Peter must come down again from the mount of glory, and fight the good fight of faith amid the shame and contumely of a cold and scornful world. And so must every child of God. We are not yet in heaven, the place of open vision and unbroken enjoyment. This is earth, the place of faith, and patience, and heavenward-pointing hope. One great reason why close and intimate enjoyment of the Saviour may not be constantly realised in the believer's breast is, to give room for hope, the third string that forms the threefold cord. Even the most enlightened believers are walking here in a darksome night, or twilight at most; and the visits of Jesus to the soul do but serve to make the surrounding darkness more visible. But "the night is far spent, the day is at hand" (Rom. xiii. 12). The day of eternity is breaking in the east. The Sun of Righteousness is hasting to rise upon our world, and the shadows are preparing to flee away. Till then, the heart of every true believer, that knows the preciousness of close communion with the Saviour, breathes the earnest prayer, that Jesus would often come again, thus sweetly and suddenly, to lighten him in his darksome pilgrimage. Ah, yes, my friends, let every one, who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity, join now in the blessed prayer of the bride,—"Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD.

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the Acceptable Year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn: to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness: that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified."—ISAIAH lxi. 1–3.

It is six years, this day, since I first preached to you, as your pastor, from these blessed words. These years have rolled past us like a mighty river. It is a solemn thing to look over them. In climbing a lofty mountain, it is pleasant to come every now and then to a resting-place, where you may stand and look

back. You can thus see the progress you have made, and you can observe the prospect winding all around you. In like manner, in going up the hill of Zion, it is pleasant to come to such a resting-place as this day affords, that we may stand and see what progress we have made, and whether we have a wider, brighter prospect of eternal glory. How many have left our company since these six years began! They have gone to render their last account in the world where time is not measured by years. Of some I trust we can say, "Blessed are the dead, for they died in the Lord" (Rev. xiv. 13). Many, I trust, have been born again—passed from death unto life—begun a new life that shall never have an end. Some, I hope, have been brought to climb a step higher on Jacob's ladder—to get nearer the top of Pisgah, to see more of Canaan's happy land. Some, I fear, have gone back, and walk no more with Jesus. Ye did run well, who did hinder you? You did put your hand to the plough, but you have turned back, and are not fit for the kingdom of God. Some, I fear, are six years nearer to hell; your ear more deaf to the voice of the charmer; your heart more wedded to its idols; more dead to God. Let us solemnly look back this day, both minister and people, and, oh, let us take warning by the errors of the past, and begin a new and better course from this day.

I. *The anointing of the Holy Spirit makes a successful Gospel minister.*—So it was in Christ's ministry. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me," &c. So it is in every ministry. The more anointing of the Holy Spirit, the more success will the minister have.

You remember the two olive trees that grew close beside the golden candlestick, and emptied the golden oil out of themselves. —Zech. iv. 12. These represent successful ministers—"anointed ones that stand by the Lord of the whole earth." Oh see what need there is that ministers be filled with the Spirit—that, like John, they be "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day" (Rev. i. 10)—that Christ's people may be kept "like a lamp that burneth!" (Isa. lxii. 1). You remember John the Baptist. The angel said of him before he was born—"He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb" (Luke i. 15). What then will his success be? "And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God" (ver. 16). Oh learn what need there is that ministers be filled with the Holy Ghost, that they

may be converting ministers—that, like John, they may turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just" (ver. 17).

You remember the apostles; before the day of Pentecost they were dry, sapless trees. They went over the cities of Israel preaching the glad tidings of the kingdom, and yet it would seem they had little or no success. They could not number many spiritual children. But when the day of Pentecost was fully come—when the Spirit came on them like a mighty rushing wind—then behold what a change! Under the first sermon three thousand men were pricked in their heart, and said, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" (Acts ii. 37). Oh, see what need we have of a day of Pentecost to begin in the hearts of ministers, that our words may be like fire, and the hearts of the people like wood!

In looking back upon my ministry, I am persuaded that this has been the great thing wanting. We have not been like the green olive trees—we have not been like John the Baptist, filled with the Holy Ghost—we have not been like the apostles on the day of Pentecost, filled as with a mighty rushing wind—we have not been able to say, like the Saviour, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me"—or you would not be as you are this day. There would not be so many dead sinners amongst you—slumbering under the voice of Gospel mercy, on the very brink of hell. There would not be so many labouring and heavy laden souls going from mountain to hill, forgetting your resting-place. There would not be so many children of light walking in darkness—dull, heavy, beclouded Christians. That is a piercing word—"If they had stood in My counsel, and had caused My people to hear My words, then they should have turned from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings" (Jer. xxiii. 22). Success is the rule under a living ministry. Want of success is the exception. Oh pray that if God spare us another year, we may be more like the high priest who first went into the holiest of all, and then came out and lifted up his hands and blessed the people. Pray that we may be more like the angels, who always behold the face of our Father, and therefore are like a flame of fire. "He maketh His angels spirits, His ministers a flame of fire" (Heb. i. 7). You know that a heated iron, though blunt, will pierce its way, even where a much sharper instrument, if it be cold, cannot penetrate. So if only our ministers be filled with the

Spirit, who is like fire, they will pierce into the hardest hearts, where the sharpest wits cannot find their way. It was thus with Whitfield; that great man lived so near to God, he was so full of heavenly joy and of the Spirit of God, that souls were melted under him like snow in thaw-time. John Newton mentions it as a fact that, in a single week, Whitfield received no fewer than a thousand letters from persons distressed in conscience under his preaching. Oh pray that we may not be "clouds without water" (Jude 12), which indeed have all the appearance of clouds, but have no rain in them. Pray that we may come to you as Paul came to the Corinthians, "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling; and that our speech and our preaching may not be with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power" (1 Cor. ii. 2–4).

II. *The subject matter of all faithful preaching.*

(1.) *A faithful minister preaches good tidings to all distressed consciences.*—This was one great object of Christ's ministry. "The Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings unto the meek" (Isa. lxi. 1), &c. Jesus came to be a Saviour *to the meek*—not the naturally gentle and sweet tempered, but those who are concerned about their souls. Men naturally say, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing" (Rev. iii. 17); therefore they are proud, and their tongue walketh through the earth. But when God begins a work of grace in their heart, He convinces of sin, He humbles them to the dust, and makes them feel "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked" (Rev. iii. 17). Jesus always offered Himself as a Saviour to such. One poor leper said, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean:" Jesus said, "I will, be thou clean" (Mat. viii. 2, 3). Nay, He left an invitation which will be precious to burdened souls, even to the end of the world, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Mat. xi. 28).

Jesus came "*to bind up the broken-hearted.*" There is many a wounded heart that is not broken. The broken-hearted are those who have lost all hope of saving themselves by their own righteousness. As long as a person has hope, the heart remains whole and unbroken. As long as a sailor's wife has hope that her husband's vessel may outride the storm, her heart is calm within her; but, when the fatal news comes—when an eye-

witness tells that he saw the lifeless body sinking in the waves—the thread of hope is cut asunder, her heart dies within her, she droops, she sits down broken-hearted. As long as an awakened sinner has hope of saving himself—as long as he thinks that self-reformation, weeping over past sins, and resolving against future ones, will clear him before God—so long his heart is calm; but when the fatal news comes, that all he does is done out of a sinful heart, that even "his righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6), that "by the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified" (Rom. iii. 20)—then does the heart of the sinner die within him; he says, "It is done now, it is all done now, I can never do anything to justify myself." Is this the state of your soul? This is a case for Christ. He justifieth the ungodly; He imputes righteousness without works; His blood and righteousness are ready for poor broken-hearted sinners. They are the very souls that answer Him; He is the very Saviour that answers them. Once a broken-hearted woman, who had spent her all upon physicians, and was nothing better, but rather worse, came behind Jesus, and touched the hem of his garment. Did He shew Himself the Saviour of the broken-hearted? Yes; He said, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole" (Mat. ix. 22).

Jesus came "*to proclaim liberty to the captives.*" All natural men are slaves. Some are bound, and know it not, like the slave in the West Indies, who could not comprehend what liberty meant. They are corded by their sins, yet say, I am free. Some are bound and know it. They are awakened to feel the galling chains of lust; they feel their feet sinking in miry clay. Some of you know what it is to sin and weep, and sin and weep again. "The way of transgressors is hard" (Prov. xiii. 15). Jesus came to be a Saviour to such. He came not only to be our righteousness, but to be a fountain of life. "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength" (Isa. xlv. 24). Once there was a man possessed by a legion of devils, exceeding fierce, who wore no clothes and dwelt among the tombs. But Jesus commanded the unclean spirit to go out of him, and "he sat down at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind" (Luke viii. 35).

One great object of our ministry among you, has been to bring good tidings to distressed consciences. Blessed be God, there have always been some distressed consciences among you from

the first day until now. In almost all our parishes, in these remarkable times, there are many souls under conviction of sin. There are always some who feel uneasy under the Word—who feel that their heart is not right with God, that they are slaves of sin, and who go on from day to day carrying a heavy burden. I have always tried to speak to such souls. I have shewn you plainly that you are not safe because you are anxious—that you need to be *in* Christ Jesus—that these convictions may die away. I have tried to let down the gospel cord within your reach. I have shewed you that Christ offers Himself in a peculiar manner to such as you. "The whole have no need of a physician, but they who are sick" (Mat. ix. 12). How often Brainerd records it in his journal, that a heavy laden soul was brought to true and solid comfort in Christ this day. Why have I so seldom to record the same thing of weary souls among you? For years I have gone among you preaching the only foundation of a sinner's peace. Yet how few have had a lively and soul-refreshing view of Christ? How few can say, "What things were gain to me, these I count loss for Christ" (Philip. iii. 7). Ah! my friends, the fault lies with you or with me, for God has no pleasure in a burdened soul. "Oh that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments; then had thy peace been like a river, and your righteousness like the waves of the sea" (Isa. xlviii. 18).

(2.) *A faithful pastor comforts mourners in Zion.*—This was another great object of Christ's ministry—"to comfort all that mourn," &c. There are many things to bring a cloud over the brow of a Christian. There are outward troubles. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous" (Ps. xxxiv. 19). Persecutions will come; "a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Temptations will come; they are common to man. Sloth and want of watchfulness often bring into darkness.—Song v. 2–8. The body of sin often makes us cry, "O wretched man" (Rom. vii. 24). But the Lord Jesus had the tongue of the learned, to speak a word in season to them that are weary. The religion of Jesus is eminently the religion of joy. He does not love to see His Church sitting in ashes, mourning, and heavy with sorrow. He loves to see her putting on His beautiful righteousness, filled with the holy spirit of joy, and covered with the garment of praise, waving like green trees of righteousness to His glory.

Once "Peter walked on the water to go to Jesus, but when he

saw the wind boisterous he began to sink, and cried, Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt" (Mat. xiv. 30)? Christ has an almighty arm for sinking disciples to cling to. Once two disciples were walking towards a village north of Jerusalem. They talked earnestly together to beguile the way, and they were sad. A stranger drew near, and went with them. And as he went he expounded to them, in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Jesus; in breaking of bread He was revealed to them, and left them exclaiming, "Did not our hearts burn within us?" (Luke xxiv. 32). So Jesus reveals Himself to His own to this day, and makes the sad bosom burn with holy joy.

This has been one of the chief objects of my ministry among you. That scripture has been for some time deeply engraved upon my memory and heart, "He gave some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ" (Eph. iv. 11, 12); and, accordingly, it has been my endeavour to lead mourners in Zion to a meeting with Christ, who alone can restore comfort to them. What has been our success? I fear there are not many of you as happy as you might be. Are not most like Peter, sinking; or sad, like the two going to Emmaus? Are not most in all our parishes rather seeking than finding rest? How little is there among you of the "beauty—the oil of joy, and the garment of praise." How few can truly sing the 103d Psalm—how few feel their sins removed, as far as east is from the west—how few keep themselves in the love of God—how few have Christ dwelling in their hearts by faith—how few are filled with all the fulness of God, and rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory!

How often Brainerd mentions in his journal—"numbers wept affectionately, and to appearance unfeignedly, so that the Spirit of God seemed to be moving on the face of the assembly;" and again, "they seemed willing to have their ears bored to the door posts of God's house, and to be His servants for ever!" How little is there of this divine presence and holy impression in our assemblies! How many a meeting for prayer has lost the fervency which once it had! Ah, surely the fault lies with you or with me. Immanuel is still in the midst of us. He is still "full of grace and truth;" He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8). Oh that the little flock in this place were

covered with His beauty, filled with His holy joy, and clothed with His garment of praise!

(3.) *A faithful watchman preaches a free Saviour to all the world.* This was the great object of Christ's ministry—"To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." "Unto you, O men, I call" (Prov. viii. 4), was the very motto of His life. On the year of jubilee the silver trumpet was made to sound throughout the whole land. Every man might return to his possession; every slave might go free. Christ felt that the trumpet of the true jubilee was committed to Him; and therefore His feet were beautiful upon the mountains, and He went about continually publishing glad tidings of peace. Once he stood among a crowd of unbelieving Jews. His word was, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out" (John vi. 37); and again, to a similar crowd He said, "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved" (chap. x. 9). When He died upon the cross, the priests scoffed at Him, the people wagged their heads at Him, the soldiers cast lots for His garment; but "the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom" (Mat. xxvii. 51); this signifying that the way into the holiest was now made manifest, that any sinner might enter in and be saved. When He arose from the dead, there were but five hundred brethren who believed on His name: the whole world was lying in the wicked one; every creature under the frown of an angry God. "Go ye," said He, "into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi. 15). When Laodicea became a dead and luke-warm Church, fit only to be spued out of Christ's mouth, you would have expected a message of judgment. No; He sends one of free, boundless, glorious grace. "If any man will hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him" (Rev. iii. 20).

This has been the great object of our ministry. In all our parishes, at the present day, the great mass of the people are living without Christ, and without God, and without hope in the world. The most, even of church-going people, it is to be feared, are "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1), Ever since coming among you, our great object has been to awaken such. We have proclaimed the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God. We have told you that Christ is freely offered to you in your present condition, whatever that may be; that though you have lived in sin, and are now living in sin, and God is angry with you every day, still Christ is free to you every

day. We have told you that though you do not care, still Christ cares for it; though you are lost, still Christ is seeking the lost; though you are loving your simplicity, delighting in scorning, and hating knowledge, still Christ is crying after you; that before you repent, and before you believe, Christ is freely offered unto you: "All day long have I stretched out My hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people" (Rom. x. 21).

What has been our success? Blessed be God, there are some of you who have fled for refuge to the hope set before you; but the most sleep on. Six acceptable years have passed over you. A year of Gospel preaching is an acceptable year; a year of revival, when many have been pressing into the kingdom of God, is still more an acceptable year; both these have passed over you. The door has stood open all this time, and any sinner among you might have entered in. Bibles, ministers, providence, the Spirit striving—all have been pressing you to enter in. But you are still without; Christless, unpardoned, unborn again, unsaved. What can you look for but "the day of vengeance?" *A year* of mercy is past, *a day* of vengeance is coming. God pleads long, but judgment will be the work of a day. How many among you will never see such another season of grace as that which lately passed over you? You will probably never again have such an opportunity to be saved. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved" (Jer. viii. 20). Many of you will one day wish you had never heard of the acceptable year; many of you will wish that you had never heard the preached Gospel—that you had perished before the glorious work of God began. "Oh that ye were wise, that ye understood this: that ye would consider your latter end" (Deut. xxxii. 29).

St Peter's, Dundee, *Nov.* 27. 1842.

THE BARREN FIG TREE.

Within a vineyard's sunny bound
An ample fig tree shelter found,
Enjoying sun and showers—
The boughs were graceful to the view,
With spreading leaves of deep-green hue,
And gaily blushing flowers.

When round the vintage season came,
This blooming fig was still the same,
As promising and fair;
But though the leaves were broad and green,
No precious fruit was to be seen,
Because no fruit was there.

"For three long years," the master cried,
"Fruit on this tree to find I've tried,
But all in vain my toil;
Ungrateful tree! the axe's blow
Shall lay thy leafy honours low;
Why cumbers it the soil?"

"Ah! let it stand just one year more,"
The dresser said, "till all my store
Of rural arts I've shewn;
About the massy roots I'll dig,
And if it bear, we've gained the fig—
If not, then cut it down."

How many years hast thou, my heart,
Acted the barren fig tree's part,
Leafy, and fresh, and fair,
Enjoying heavenly dews of grace,
And sunny smiles from God's own face—
But where the fruit? ah! where

How often must the Lord have prayed
That still my day might be delayed,
Till all due means were tried;
Afflictions, mercies, health, and pain,
How long shall these be all in vain
To teach this heart of pride.

Learn, O my soul, what God demands
Is not a faith like barren sands,
But fruit of heavenly hue;
By this we prove that Christ we know,
If in His holy steps we go—
Faith works by love, if true.

August 14. 1834.

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

TO THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in His bosom."—ISAIAH xl. 11.

BELOVED CHILDREN—Jesus is the Good Shepherd. His arm was stretched out on the cross, and His bosom was pierced with the spear. That arm is able to gather you, and that bosom is open to receive you. I pray for you every day that you may be saved by Christ. He said to me, "Feed my lambs" (John xxi. 15), and I daily return the words to Him, "Lord, feed my lambs." In the bowels of Jesus Christ I long after you all. I believe Christ has gathered some of you. But are no more to be gathered? Are no more green brands to be plucked from the burning? Will no more of you hide beneath the white robe of Jesus? Oh, come! for "yet there is room" (Luke xiv. 22). Lift up your hearts to God while I tell you something more of the Good Shepherd.

I. JESUS HAS A FLOCK.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd." Every shepherd must have a flock, and so has Christ. I once saw a flock in a valley near Jerusalem, and the shepherd went before them and called the sheep, and they knew his voice and followed Him. I said, This is the way Jesus leads His sheep. Oh that I may be one of them!

(1.) *Christ's flock is a little flock.*—Hear what Jesus says, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom" (Luke xii. 32). Pray to be among the little flock. Look at the world, eight hundred millions of men, women, and children, of different countries, colour, and language, all journeying to the Judgment Seat. Is this Christ's flock?

Ah, no! Five hundred millions never heard the sweet name of Jesus, and of the rest the most see no beauty in the Rose of Sharon. Christ's is a little flock. Look at this town. What crowds press along the streets on a market-day! What a large flock is here! Is this the flock of Christ? No, It is to be feared that most of these are not the brothers and sisters of Christ; they do not bear His likeness; they do not follow the Lamb now, and will not follow Him in eternity. Look round the Sabbath Schools. What a number of young faces are there! How many beaming eyes! How many precious souls! Is this the flock of Christ? No, no. The most of you have hard and stony hearts—the most of you love pleasure more than God—the most of you love sin, and lightly esteem Christ. "What a pity it is that they do not a' come to Christ, for they would be sic happy," said one of yourselves. I could weep when I think how many of you will live lives of sin, and die deaths of horror, and spend an eternity in hell. Beloved children, pray that you may be like the one lily among many thorns—that you may be the few lambs in the midst of a world of wolves.

(2.) *Christ's Sheep are marked Sheep.*—In almost every flock the sheep are all marked, in order that the shepherd may know them. The mark is often made with tar on the woolly back of the sheep. Sometimes it is the first letter of the owner's name. The use of the mark is, that they may not be lost when they wander among other sheep. So it is with the flock of Jesus. Every sheep of His has two marks. *One mark is made with the blood of Jesus.* Every sheep and lamb in Christ's flock was once guilty and defiled with sin, altogether become filthy. But every one of them has been drawn to the blood of Jesus and washed there. They are all like sheep "come up from the washing." They can all say, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."—Rev. i. 5. Have you this mark? Look and see. You can never be in heaven unless you have it. Every one there has washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb (Rev. vii. 14). *Another mark is made by the Holy Spirit.* This is not a mark which you can see outside, like the mark on the white wool of the sheep. It is deep, deep in the bosom, where the eye of man cannot look. It is A NEW HEART. "A new heart also will I give you" (Ezek. xxxvi. 26). This is the seal of the Holy Spirit, which He gives to all them that believe. With infinite power He puts forth His unseen hand, and

silently changes the heart of all that are truly Christ's. Have you got the new heart? You never will go to heaven without it. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His" (Rom. viii. 9). Beloved children, pray for these two marks of the sheep of Jesus—forgiveness through blood, and a new heart. Oh, be in earnest to get them, and to get them *now*. Soon the Chief Shepherd will come, and set the sheep on His right hand, and the goats on His left. Where will you be in that day?

(8.) *Christ's Sheep all flock together.*—Sheep love to go together. A sheep never goes with a wolf or with a dog, but always with the flock. Especially when a storm is coming down, they keep near one another. When the sky turns dark with clouds, and the first drops of a thunder-shower are coming on, the shepherds say that you will see the sheep flocking down from the hills, and all meeting together in some sheltered valley. They love to keep together. So it is with the flock of Jesus. They do not love to go with the world, but always one with another. Christian loves Christian. They have the same peace, the same Spirit, the same Shepherd, the same fold on the hills of immortality. Especially in the dark and cloudy day, such as our day is likely to be, the sheep of Christ are driven together, to weep together. They love to pray together, to sing praise together, to hide in Christ together.

"Little children, love one another." Make companions of those that fear God. Flee from all others. Who can take fire into their bosom and not be burned? I remember of one little boy who was indeed a lamb of Christ's fold. He could not bear a lie; and whenever he found any of his companions telling a falsehood, he left their company altogether. There was one boy with whom he was very intimate. This boy one day began to boast of something he had done, which boast our little Christian saw at once to be a lie. Upon this he told him that he must never again come to his house, and that he would have nothing more to do with him till he was a better boy. His mother asked him how he would soon know when he was a better boy? He said that he would see some marks which would shew him that he was better. "And what marks will you know it by?" "I think," said he, "the biggest mark will be that he loves God."

II. WHAT JESUS DOES FOR HIS FLOCK.

(1.) *He died for them.*—"I am the Good Shepherd; the Good

Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep" (John x. 11). This is the chief beauty in Christ. The wounds that marred his fair body make him altogether lovely in a needy sinner's eye. All that are now and ever shall be the sheep of Christ, were once condemned to die. The wrath of God abode upon them. They were ready to drop into the burning lake. Jesus had compassion upon them, left His Father's bosom, emptied Himself, became a worm and no man, and died under the sins of many. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). This is the grace of the Lord Jesus. Every one in the flock can say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20).

(2.) *He seeks and finds them.*—We would never seek Christ if He did not seek us first. We would never find Christ if He did not find us. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10). I once asked a shepherd, "How do you find sheep that are lost in the snow?" "Oh,' he said, "we go down into the deep ravines, where the sheep go in storms; there we find the sheep huddled together beneath the snow." "And are they able to come out when you take away the snow?" "Oh, no; if they had to take a single step to save their lives, they could not do it. So we just go in and carry them out." Ah! this is the very way Jesus saves lost sheep. He finds us frozen and dead in the deep pit of sin. If we had to take a single step to save our souls we could not do it. But He reaches down his arm and carries us out. This He does for every sheep He saves. Glory, glory, glory be to Jesus, the Shepherd of our souls. O children, let Jesus gather you. Feel your helpless condition, and look up and say, Lord, help me.

(3.) *He feeds them.*—"By Me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture" (John x. 9). If Jesus has saved you He will feed you. He will feed your body. "I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread" (Ps. xxxvii. 25).

> The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
> From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
> His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
> So long as 'tis written—the Lord will provide.

He will feed your soul. He that feeds the little flower in the cleft of the craggy precipice, where no hand of man can reach it, will feed your soul with silent drops of heavenly dew. I shall

never forget the story of a little girl in Belfast, in Ireland. She was at a Sabbath School, and gained a Bible as a prize for her good conduct. It became to her a treasure indeed. *She was fed out of it.* Her parents were wicked. She often read to them, but they became worse and worse. This broke Eliza's heart. She took to her bed and never rose again. She desired to see her teacher. When he came he said, "You are not without a companion, my dear child," taking up her Bible. "No," she replied—

"Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the Word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I ask no more."

She had scarcely repeated the lines when she hung back her head and died. Beloved children, this is the way Jesus feeds His flock. He is a tender, constant, Almighty Shepherd. If you become His flock, He will feed you all the way to glory.

III. JESUS CARES FOR LAMBS.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom." Every careful shepherd deals gently with the lambs of the flock. When the flocks are travelling, the lambs are not able to go far, they often grow weary and lie down. Now, a kind shepherd stoops down and puts his gentle arm beneath them, and lays them in his bosom. Such a shepherd is the Lord Jesus, and saved children are His lambs. He gathers them with His arm and carries them in His bosom. Many a guilty lamb He has gathered and carried to His Father's house. Some He has gathered out of this place whom you and I once knew well.

Before He came into the world Jesus cared for lambs. Samuel was a very little child, no bigger than the least of you, when he was converted. He was girded with a linen ephod, and his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him every year. One night as he slept in the Holy Place, near where the ark of God was kept, he heard a voice cry, "Samuel!" He started up and ran to old Eli, whose eyes were dim, and said, "Here am I, for thou calledst me." And Eli said, "I called not, lie down again." He went and lay down, but a second

time the voice cried, "Samuel!" He rose and went to Eli, saying, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." And Eli said, "I called not, my son, lie down again." A third time the holy voice cried, "Samuel!" And he arose and went to Eli with the same words; then Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child, therefore Eli said, "Go, lie down, and it shall be if He call thee, thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!" So he went and lay down. A fourth time (how often Christ will call on little children!) the voice cried, "Samuel, Samuel!" Then Samuel answered, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!" (1 Sam. iii. 1–10). Thus did Jesus gather this lamb with His arm and carried Him in His bosom. For "Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him; and the Lord revealed Himself to Samuel in Shiloh" (1 Sam. iii. 19, 21).

Little children, of whom I travail in birth till Christ be formed in you, pray that the same Lord would reveal Himself to you. Some people say, you are too young to be converted and saved. But Samuel was not too young. Christ can open the eyes of a child as easily as of an old man. Yea, youth is the best time to be saved in. You are not too young to die, not too young to be judged, and therefore not too young to be brought to Christ. Do not be contented to hear about Christ from your teachers; pray that he would *reveal Himself* to you. God grant there may be many little Samuels amongst you.

Jesus cares for lambs still. The late Duke of Hamilton had two sons. The eldest fell into consumption, when a boy, which ended in his death. Two ministers went to see him at the family seat, near Glasgow, where he lay. After prayer, the youth took his Bible from under his pillow, and turned up to 2 Tim. iv. 7, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" and added, "This, sirs, is all my comfort!" When his death approached, he called his younger brother to his bed, and spoke to him with great affection. He ended with these remarkable words, "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a Duke, but I *shall be a King.*"

Let me tell you a word of another gentle lamb, whom Jesus gathered, and whom I saw on her way from grace to glory. She was early brought to Christ, and early taken to be with Him where He is. She told her companions that she generally fell asleep on these words, "His left hand is under my head, and His right

hand doth embrace me" (Cant. viii. 4); and sometimes on these, "Underneath are the everlasting arms" (Deut. xxxii. 27). She said she did not know how it was, but somehow she felt that Christ was always near her. Another time she said, "I think it's the best way to make myself as loathsome as I can before Him, and then to look to Jesus." When seized with her last illness, and told that the doctors thought she would not live long, she looked quite composed, and said, "I am very happy at that." She said she could not love Jesus enough here; that she would like to be with Him, and then she would love Him as she ought. To her tender watchful relative she said, "I wonder at you often looking so grave. I'm surprised at it, for I think I am the happiest person in the house. I have every temporal comfort, and then I am going to Jesus." After a companion had been with her she said, "Margaret quite entered into my happiness; she did not look grave, but smiled; that shewed how much she loves me." When sitting one evening, her head resting on a pillow, she was asked, "Is there anything the matter, my darling?" "Oh," she said, "I am only weak. I am quite happy. Jesus has said, 'Thou art mine.'" Another day, when near her last, one said to her, "Have you been praying much to-day?" "Yes," she replied, "and I have been trying to praise too." "And what have you been praising for?" "I praise God," she said, "for all the comforts I have. I praise Him for many kind friends, you know He is the foundation of *all*; and I praise Him for taking a sinner to glory."

These are a few of the many golden sayings of this lamb of Christ, now, I trust, safe in the fold above. Would you wish to be gathered thus? Go now to some lonely place—kneel down, and call upon the Lord Jesus. Do not leave your knees until you find Him. Pray to be gathered with his arm, and carried in His bosom. Take hold of the hem of His garment, and say, "I must not—I dare not—I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me" (Gen. xxxii. 26).

O seek Him in earnest, and seek Him in time,
For they that seek early shall find;
While they that neglect Him are hardened in crime,
And never can come to this pure blessed clime—
They perish in anguish of mind.

THE CHILD COMING TO JESUS.

SUFFER me to come to Jesus,
Mother, dear, forbid me not;
By His blood from hell He frees us;
Makes us fair without a spot.

Suffer me, my earthly father,
At His pierced feet to fall;
Why forbid me? help me rather;
Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run unto Him;
Gentle sisters, come with me;
Oh that all I love but knew Him,
Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,
Bid me not forsake the cross;
Hard to bear is your reviling,
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yes, though all the world have chid me,
Father, mother, sister, friend—
Jesus never will forbid me!
Jesus loves me to the end!

Gentle Shepherd, on Thy shoulder
Carry me a sinful lamb;
Give me faith, and make me bolder
Till with Thee in heaven I am.

July 1841.

ANOTHER LILY GATHERED.

CONVERSION OF JAMES LAING.

"My beloved is gone down into his garden to gather lilies."—Song vi. 2.

JAMES LAING was born on 28th July 1828, and lost his mother before he was eight years old. He was seized with the same fever as that of which his mother died, and he never enjoyed good health afterwards. He was naturally a very quiet and

reserved boy, not so rough in his language as many of the boys around. One day when he was lying on his dying bed, I was asking his sister what kind of boy he had been. She said that he was as wicked as other boys, only he did not swear. After I was gone, he told his sister that she was wrong. He never used to swear at home, because he was afraid he would be punished for it; but when among his companions he often used to swear. "Ah!" added he, "it is a wonder God did not send me to hell when I was a swearer." Another day, hearing some boys swearing near his window, he said, "It is a wonder God did not leave me to swear among these boys yet." Such was the early life of this boy. He did not know the God who guided him, and in whose hand his breath was; and such is the life of most of our children—they "cast off fear, and restrain prayer before God." (Job xv. 4.)

Another night Margaret observed James coming from the prayer-meeting in the school in great distress. He kept close by the wall of the church that he might escape observation. He was much concerned that night, and, after retiring to rest, said to his sister, in his own Scottish dialect, "There's me come awa' *without Christ* to-night again."

The day of Immanuel's power, and the time of love, was, however, near at hand. As the cold winds of October set in, his sickly frame was much affected: he became weak and breathless. One Tuesday, in the end of October, he turned decidedly worse, and became intensely anxious about the salvation of his soul. His lamentable cry was, "O Jesus, save me—save me!" Margaret asked if his concern was real, for he had often deceived her hopes before. He wept, and said, "Yes." His body was greatly pained, but he forgot all in the intense anxiety for his precious never-dying soul. On the Saturday I paid a visit to their humble cottage, and found the little sufferer sitting by the fire. He began to weep bitterly while I spoke to him of Jesus having come into the world *to save sinners*. I was enabled in a simple manner to answer the objections that sinners make to an immediate closing with Christ. Margaret wondered; for the minister could not have spoken more to the case of her brother if he had known it; and she inwardly thanked God, for she saw that He was directing it. James spent the rest of the day on his knees in evident distress of soul. Oh how little the most of those called Christians know what it is to pass through such deep

waters! Margaret asked him if he was seeking Jesus: he said, "Yes." She asked, "If he would like anything—a bit of bread?" he said, "No; but I would take a bit of the bread of life if you would give it me." She replied, "I cannot give you that; but if you seek it you will get it." He remained alone till evening, and was never off his knees. Towards night he came to the other end of the cottage, and put this question—"Have I only to believe that Jesus died for sinners? Is that all?" He was told, "Yes." "Well, I believe that Jesus died for me, for I am a poor hell-deserving sinner. I have been praying all this afternoon, that when Jesus shed His blood for sinners, He would sprinkle some of it upon me, and *He did it.*" He then turned up Rom. v. 8, and read these words, "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." His sister wept for joy, and James added, "I am not afraid to die now, for Jesus has died for me." Often after this he bade his sister read to him Rom. v., Ps. ciii., and Ps. cxvi. These were favourite portions with him.

One Thursday afternoon I spoke to him on Mat. xxiii. 37, "How often would I have gathered your children." He was in great darkness that day, and, weeping bitterly, said, "I fear I have never been gathered to Christ; but if I have never been gathered, Oh that I were gathered to Christ *now!* After I was gone, he said, "It would give me no peace though the minister and everybody said I was a Christian, if I had not *the sense* of it between God and myself."

He was very fond of the Song of Solomon, and many parts of it were opened up to him. One day I spoke on Song v. 13, "His lips are like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh." I told him that these were some of the drops that fell from the lips of Jesus—"If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink" (John vii. 37). "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10). "Wilt thou be made whole?" (John v. 6). "I give unto them eternal life" (John x. 28). He said solemnly, "That's fine."

Another day, Song i. 5, "I am black, but comely," was explained. He said, "I am black as hell in myself, but I'm all fair in Jesus." This was ever after a common expression of his. Another day I spoke on Song v. 15. "His legs are like pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold;" and shewed the almighty strength of the Lord Jesus. The next day when I came in, I asked him how he was; but, without answering my question, he

said, "I am glad you told me that about Jesus' egs being like pillars of marble, for now I see that He is able to carry me and all my sins."

On one occasion, he said, "I am glad this psalm is in the Bible." "What psalm?". He answered, "Yea though I walk in death's dark vale" (Ps. xxiii. 4). "He has promised to be with me, and God is as good as His word."

At another time I read to him Isaiah xliii. 2, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;" and explained that when he came to the deep, deep waters, the Lord Jesus would put His foot down beside his, and wade with him. Thi often comforted him, for he believed it as firmly as if he had seen the pierced foot of Jesus placed beside his own; and he said to Margaret, "If Christ put down his foot beside mine, then I have nothing to fear."

At another time Mr Miller of Wallacetown called with me, and our little sufferer spoke very sweetly on eternal things. *Mr. M.*—"Would you like to get better?" *James*—"I would like the will of God." *Mr M.*—"But if you were getting better, would you just live as you did before?" *James*—"If God did not give me grace I would." During the same visit I was asking Margaret when he was first awakened. She told me of his first concern, and then of the first day I had called. James broke in, and said, "Ah, but we must not lean upon that." His meaning was, that past experiences are not the foundation of a sinner's peace.

Mr Bonar of Collace often visited him, and these were sweet visits to little James. One day when Mr Bonar had been opening up some Scripture to him, he said, "Do you *know* what I am saying, Jamie?" *James*—"Yes, but I canna get at it (I cannot feel its power); I see it all." *Mr B.*—"I think there would be a pleasure in seeing the people drink when Moses struck the rock, even though one did not get a drink themselves." *James*—"Ah, but I would like a drink."

One of the loveliest features in the character of this little boy was his intense love to the souls of men. He often spoke with me on the folly of men living without Christ in the world. I shall never forget the compassionate glance of his clear blue eye as he said, "What a pity it is that they do not a' come to Christ—they would be sic happy." He often reminded me of the verse, "Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God" (1 John iv. 7).

One Sabbath evening I spoke to the scholars in the Sabbath school about him. When the school was over, they all came into his cottage to see him. The little throng stood silent round his bed, while he spoke to them with great solemnity. "You all know what I was; I was no better than you; but the Holy Spirit opened my eyes, and I saw that I was on the very brink of hell. Then I cried to Jesus to save me, and 'give me a new heart; I put my finger on the promise, and would not come away without it; and He gave me a new heart; and He is as willing to give you all a new heart. I have sinned with you, now I would like you to come to Christ with me. You would be far happier in Christ than at your play. There are sweeter pleasures in Christ. Here are two awful verses to me:—

'There is a dreadfull hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend.'

Then, pointing to the fire, he said, "You could not keep your finger long there, but remember hell is *a lake of fire*. I would give you all a prayer to pray to-night. Go and tell Jesus that you are poor, lost, hell-deserving sinners, and tell Him to give you a new heart. Mind, He's willing, and oh, be earnest—ye'll no get it unless ye be earnest."

These were nearly his very words. Strange scene! a dying boy speaking to his fellows. They were impressed for a time, but it soon wore away. Several Sabbath evenings the same scene was renewed. The substance of all his warnings was, "Come to Christ and get a new heart." He often told me afterwards that he had been inviting them to Christ, but (he added) *they'll no come*."

One night I went with my little cousin to see James. I said, "I have brought my Jamie to see you." He took him kindly by the hand, and said, "We're twa Jamies thegither. May we both meet in heaven. Be earnest to get Christ. You'll no get Christ unless you are earnest." When we were gone, he said to his sister, "Although Jamie bides with the minister, unless the Spirit open his eyes, he canna get Christ."

The way of salvation through *the righteousness of Christ* was always sweet to him. He had an uncommon grasp of it; Christ crucified was all his salvation and all his desire. One day his sister said to him, "You must meet death in Jesus, and go to the judgment-seat in Jesus, and spend eternity in Jesus. You will be as hell-deserving in yourself when you stand before the throne as now." He smiled sweetly, and said, "O Margaret, I see it must be all Jesus from beginning to end."

Another time a little boy who was in concern for his soul came to see James, and told him how many chapters he had read, and how often he had prayed. James did not answer at the time, but a little after he said to his sister, "David was here, and told me how many chapters he had read, &c. I see he's upon the working plan; but I must tell him that it's no his reading, nor yet his praying, but Jesus alone that must save him."

Once I found him kneeling on a pillow by the fire; he complained of great darkness, and doubted his interest in Christ. I told him that we must not close with Christ because we feel Him, but because God has said it, and that we must take God's word even in the dark. After that he always seemed to trust God in the dark, even at times when he had no inward evidence of being Christ's. At one of these times, a believer, who is often in great darkness, came in, and asked him, "When you are in darkness, Jamie, how do you do? Can you go to Jesus?" He answered, in his own pointed manner, "Annie, woman, *I have no ither get to gang.*"

The last text I explained to him was 2 Tim. iv. 7, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." I was wonderfully helped in shewing him that, from conversion to coronation, the life of a believer was one continued fight. He said, "Would you not think that the devil would let a poor young creature like me alone? but he's an awful tempter."

He had a mind that loved to think on the *deep things* of God. One day a believer called and prayed beside his bed, asking for him that he might be "filled with all the fulness of God." The same person came another day, and before praying inquired, "What shall I ask for you?" He said, "You mind what you sought for me the last time. You prayed that I might be filled with all the fulness of God: I canna get any more than that, but dinna seek any less to-day."

A dear Christian lady used to bring him flowers. She spoke

to him of Christ being the "lily of the valley" (Cant. ii. 1), and on one occasion brought him one. He asked her to pick it out from the rest, and give it into his hand. Holding the gentle flower in his pale wasted fingers, he looked at it, and said, "This might convince the world that there is a God, though there were nothing else. Ay, there is a God—there is a heaven—there is a hell—and there is a judgment-seat—whether they will believe it or no." He said this in a very solemn way, pausing between every member of the sentence.

He loved *singing praise* to God, though not able to join in it himself. He frequently made us sing beside his bed, and often bade them sing the 23d Psalm. "I have no strength to sing here (he would say), I have a heart, but not strength; when I get to heaven I'll be able to sing there." Sometimes he would bid them sing these words, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord." He often repeated that hymn, and he left it in charge that it should be sung by the scholars on the night of his death. The 65th Paraphrase was also precious to him, especially that part, "Hark how the adoring hosts above." He loved these verses, and often wished that he were among that praising company.

My sister once sent him a hymn, "The fulness of Jesus." He said he liked it all, but he liked the last verse best—

> "I long to be with Jesus,
> Amid the heavenly throng,
> To sing with saints His praises,
> To learn the angels' song."

He delighted in *secret prayer*. In weakness and pain, yet he spent hours upon his knees, communing with an unseen God. When unable for the outward part of the exercise, he said, "O Margaret, I prayed to Jesus as long as I was able; but now I'm not able, and He does not want it from me; but I'm just always giving Him my heart." Many a night he got no sleep. I asked him if he wearied during the silent watches. He said, "No; His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me."

On the last day of 1841 he said to his sister, "I will tell you what I would like for my New Year (Gift). I would like a praying heart, and a heart to love Christ more." Next day a woman came in, and said, "Poor Jamie! you'll get no fun this New Year's Day." James said, "Poor body, she thinks like as I care

for the New Year. I have far better than you have, though you had the whole world. This is the happiest New Year's Day that ever I had, for I have Christ.'" She was very deaf, and did not hear what he said; but he often pitied that woman and prayed for her.

In a season of great darkness, he said, "Margaret, give me my Bible" (meaning a little book of texts, called *Dew Drops*); when he had got it, he sought out the verse, "The Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him" (Nah. i. 7). He said, "Margaret, I'll trust in Him, though I cannot see Him. I will lie down upon that verse." When his bed was made at night, he would take another verse to *lie down upon*, as he called it; so he was fed by the dew and the word.

James used to take the bitterest medicines without any reluctance. He folded his hands, shut his eyes, and asked God to bless it to him. "Ah! Margaret, if God do not bless it to me, it will do me no good." Often she asked, "Is it not bitter?" He would say, "Yes, but Jesus had a bitterer cup to drink for me."

In the summer of 1841, another remarkable boy, named James Wallace, had died in the Lord. He was one whom God taught in a wonderful manner. He had a singular gift of prayer, and was made useful to many, both old and young. James Laing had known him well in former days. In 1839, a younger brother of James Laing, named Patrick, had died also, not without pleasing marks of having undergone a divine change. It is needful to know these things, to understand the following dream of our little pilgrim.

A short time after he believed, he said, "Margaret, I will tell you my dream." Margaret was afraid of some fancy leading him astray, and asked what it was. *James*—"I thought there was a ladder, the foot of it on earth, and the top of it reached to heaven. I thought it was heaven I saw. There was a great multitude of people, but I knew none of them but Patrick and Jamsie Wallace. When I was standing on the first or second step of the ladder, Jamsie Wallace looked down and said, '*Ay, here's another one coming stepping up.*'" He explained it by referring to Jacob's ladder, and that Jesus is the ladder. Margaret said, "Ay, and you are just on the first step."

On the Thursday he said, "Ah! Margaret, mind it's no easy to die. You know nothing about it. Even though you have Christ,

it is dark." The same day he bade her give D. G. his Sunday trousers and new boots, that he might go to the church. He gave his father *The Dying Thief;* and said, "I am going to give Alick my Bible" (meaning *Dew Drops*). There was a piece of money under his pillow. He said it was to buy Bibles to them that never heard of Jesus.

His aunt came in on the Friday morning. He said, "Oh, aunt, don't put off seeking Christ to a death-bed, for if I had Christ to seek to-day, what would have become of me; but I have given my heart to Christ." Margaret asked him, "What will I do? I will miss your company in the house." James answered, "You maun just go the mair to Jesus. Do not be ill about me now, when I am dead, Margaret. If I thought that, I would be sorry, and more than that, God would be angry at you; for I would be far happier. It is better to depart and be with Christ. Ask grace to keep you from it."

All that day he spoke very little. In the evening he grew much worse. His sister wished to sit up with him that night, but he would not allow her. She said, "These eyes will soon see Him whom your soul loves." James said, "Ay." After midnight Margaret, seeing him worse, arose and woke her father. She tried to conceal her tears; but James saw them, and said, with a look of solemn earnestness, "O woman, I wonder to see you do the like of that." He spoke little after this, and about one o'clock on the Saturday morning, 11th June 1842, fell asleep in Jesus.

From this affecting history, *all children*, and especially the dear children committed to my care, should learn an impressive lesson. What is said of Abel is true of this dear boy. "He being dead yet speaketh," Heb. xi. 4. He warned many of you when he was on his dying bed; he prayed for you, and longed for your conversion; and now that he has gone to the world of praise, and holiness, and love, the history of his dying hours is a warning and an invitation to each of you. You see here that you are not too young to have the Holy Spirit striving with you. You are not too young to resist the Holy Ghost. You are not too young to be converted and brought to Christ. If you die without Christ, you will surely perish. The most of you are wicked, idle, profane, prayerless, ungodly children. Many of you are open Sabbath-breakers, liars, and swearers. If you die thus, you will have your part in the lake that burneth with fire

nd brimstone. You will see this little boy, and others whom ou know, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out.)h repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out Acts iii. 19). You may die very soon. Oh that your latter end ıay be like his!

CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.

LIKE mist on the mountain,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
Of our pilgrimage flee;
In the grave of our fathers
How soon we shall lie!
Dear children, to-day
To a Saviour fly.

How sweet are the flowerets
In April and May!
But often the frost makes
Them wither away.
Like flowers you may fade:
Are you ready to die?
While "yet there is room,"
To a Saviour fly.

When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord,
He slept in His smile
And rejoiced in His word.
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh:
Oh, seek Him in youth—
To a Saviour fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure?
Then lean on His breast,
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry—
"If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die!"

Jan. 1. 1831.

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM OLIPHANT & Co.

Memoir and Remains of the Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne, Minister of St Peter's Church, Dundee. By the Rev. A. A. Bonar. 75th Thousand, Crown 8vo, 5s.

Additional Remains of the Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne, Dundee; consisting of Sermons and Lectures. Crown 8vo, 5s.

The Lambs All Safe; or, the Salvation of Children. By the Rev. A. B. Grosart, Kinross. 3d Edition. In cloth antique, 1s.

Joining the Church; or, Materials for Conversations between a Minister and intending Communicants. By the same Author. Cloth antique, 1s.

The Blind Beggar by the Wayside. By the same Author. 3d Edition. 1½d.

Notes on the Gospels. By Professor Jacobus, D.D. Crown 8vo, Illustrated. Vol. I., MATTHEW, 3s. 6d. Vol. II., MARK and LUKE, 3s. 6d. Vol. III., JOHN, 3s. 6d.

The Diamond Wreath; or, The Price of a Soul. A Tale founded on Facts. With Frontispiece. 4th Edition. In 18mo, price 1s.

Bygone Days in our Village. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, Illustrated, 3s. 6d.

Pastoral Recollections. By the Author of the "Evangelical Rambler." With a Preface by Rev. John Macfarlane, LL.D., Author of the "Night Lamp," "Life of Dr Lawson," &c. Small 8vo, Price 2s. 6d.

The Family Circle. By the Rev. A. Morton, Edinburgh. Fourth Thousand, Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Communicant's Companion. By Matthew Henry. Fcap, 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Family Prayers. By Dr Charles Watson. 14th Edition, Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Steps in the Dark. By H. M. A Tale Illustrative of the Working of Providence. In Crown 8vo, with Frontispiece, Price 3s. 6d.

Life of John Kitto, D.D. By John Eadie, D.D., LL.D. With Fine Portrait and Illustrations. 9th Thousand, Price 2s. 6d.; gilt, 3s. 6d. Library Edition, 6s.

The Ways of the Line; Being Notes of Three Years' Intercourse with Railway Labourers. By a Lady. 3d Thousand, in extra fcap., cloth limp, Price 1s. 6d.

Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co. London: Hamilton & Co.